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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE Second Reading of the Eight Hours Bill was carried on Tuesday by 355 votes to 163. The Labour Party has decided, at the request of the Miners' Executive, not to put down any amendments on the Committee stage of the Bill, as this might be held to compromise their opposition to the principle upon which it is based. The remaining Parliamentary stages are likely therefore to be passed rapidly through, and the Bill is down to be read a second time in the House of Lords on Monday. Meanwhile, the hope, upon which the Government seems to have been banking, that a big break-away from the Miners' Federation will follow the posting of notices on the eight-hours

basis at the pit-heads, is fading. Addressing a meeting of miners on Sunday, Mr. Herbert Smith said:—

"During the next week or so you will have to decide whether you will stick to the track on which you started or whether you are going to burn your boats. I am not afraid to let the decision rest with the miners and the miners' wives. You are going to be tempted. What I say is this, once you go back to eight hours you will not get back to seven for fifty years, never mind five. If we have to choose, through being driven to it, between a reduction of wages and a longer working day, then as far as my vote is concerned, whether I am popular or unpopular, it will go for a reduction of wages. We have a chance of fighting for more wages."

* * *

This definite declaration, although it is perfectly consistent with the attitude which the miners' leaders have maintained throughout the controversy, seems to have surprised the Government and their supporters. The TIMES went so far on Wednesday as to reproach Mr. Smith for a change of attitude "not apparent until the Eight Hours Bill had been introduced." This is, of course, nonsense. It is true that Mr. Smith has always declared resolutely against lower wages, but there has been an altogether different ring about his refusal to consider longer hours. There are many reasons for this. One is that the miners' leader, with all his dull obstinacy, has taken a longer view of the needs of the industry than either the owners or the Government seem capable of taking. He is not attracted by the prospect of further over-production, nor does he believe that wages will be more secure if the working-day is lengthened. But above and beyond the economic argument lies the fact that the Seven Hours day is regarded throughout the coal-fields as a great social achievement, a milestone on the road towards civilization, along which the fathers of the present miners travelled by laborious steps. Wages, after all, are a recognized subject for bargaining and adjustment, but to go back on the hardly won restriction of hours would be to many miners an act of treachery towards their fellow-workers in the past and the future.

* * *

This feeling is so widespread that the second thoughts of the Government are probably well-founded, and there is unlikely to be any large breach in the ranks of the miners as a result of the wage-offers based on longer hours. How then is the deadlock to be ended? The best hope would seem to lie in a return to the Report, a wage-cut of the order which the Commission thought necessary—an average 10 per cent.—and the adoption of the full reconstruction proposals, including the pivotal transference of royalties to the State. But the Government has effectively precluded itself from taking the lead, or even giving substantial assistance towards a settlement on these lines. Having once proclaimed the necessity for an hour on the day *plus* a wage-cut of the order of 10 per cent., how can they tell

the mineowners that they must accept the wage-cut alone? Having introduced their reconstruction Bill with royalties left out, with what face can they revert to the Commission's policy? Great play has been made during the debates in Parliament with the permissive character of the Eight Hours Bill, but so far as the Government is concerned it has set up an impenetrable barricade against any more promising line of attack.

* * *

In these circumstances, and in view of the many signs, which we discuss in a leading article this week, that the Government is on a downward course, it may soon become necessary to consider as an urgent practical question the possibilities of an alternative Administration. Nobody hitherto has really wanted to turn the Government out. Labour, no doubt, would like well enough to return to power with an independent majority, but that is not within the bounds of possibility at the next election, or, we are inclined to think, at the election after that. But the day may be approaching when there will be a passionate desire to get rid of the present Ministry at any cost to the pride and prejudices of opposition leaders. It is then that the patient arguments which Mr. Philip Snowden is advancing in various Labour journals in favour of Parliamentary co-operation between Labour and Liberalism will bear fruit. Mr. Snowden is rather a lonely figure in his party just now, but he has a realistic mind and strong political sense (he is perhaps a Radical, according to the definition which Mr. Keynes supplies in our correspondence columns this week), and the case he presents is, to our mind, unanswerable. His personal view is that—

"if we are faced with a situation similar to that of 1923, after the next general election, and if Labour decides to take office in such circumstances, some agreement with those upon whose Parliamentary support we should have to rely would be necessary. And, further, that it would not be impossible to arrange a programme sufficient for the life of one Parliament, which would take us a very, very long way on the road we want to travel."

* * *

The Parliamentary Liberal Party has wisely postponed its meeting to give time for ruffled feathers to be smoothed out and personalities to take their proper place in subordination to policy. With this purpose in view, it is well worth while to allow the Gilbertian situation of the Whips to continue at least until the end of this session. The imperative demand of the rank and file Liberals for a truce was unmistakably expressed at Weston, as Sir Charles Hobhouse clearly shows in his account of the proceedings which we publish this week. Is it too much to hope that the example of the Parliamentary Party in this respect will be followed by Liberal speakers outside the House? We note, for instance, that Lord Grey is to address a meeting of the Eighty Club on Monday next. No Liberal statesman is more free from personal animosities than he, but none has been more conspicuous for personal loyalties. We need only recall his relations with Lord Milner and Lord Haldane to know that this is so. Lord Grey, then, is just the man to make a quixotic declaration in the supposed interests of his political friends at a moment when a discreet silence would be of infinitely greater service both to them and to the Party which they have led with such distinction. It cannot be too clearly said that Liberals will not tolerate any extension of the personal quarrel at this juncture. Any leader suspected of faction will be swept aside and will only succeed in damaging the very cause he has at heart.

Hopes have been so often raised and disappointed by successive French Finance Ministers that scepticism is natural, but it really looks as though M. Caillaux means business this time. M. Robineau, the veteran Governor of the Banque de France, has, it seems, been a serious obstacle for some time past to a sensible use of the vast gold reserves "eating their heads off" in the cellars of his institution. M. Robineau has now been induced to resign; M. Moreau, a former private secretary to M. Rouvier when the latter was Prime Minister, has been appointed in his place, and Professor Rist, the well-known economist, has become assistant-governor. The new Governor has already been in consultation with that redoubtable pair, Mr. Montagu Norman, of the Bank of England, and Mr. Strong of the Federal Reserve Bank. The subject of their conversation is sufficiently indicated by the statement of policy which M. Briand read in the Chamber on Tuesday. The stabilization of the currency is declared to be "the principal part" of the new Government's programme:—

"The Government has decided to undertake this operation. . . . The whole question is to stop the continual fluctuation of the franc, to confront it with the barrier of a reasonable power of conversion, and to re-establish, on the basis of new, but fixed, rates of exchange, the security of transactions and contracts, the normal play of forward operations, and the legitimate remuneration of labour and capital."

* * *

The French Government does not, it says, "underestimate any of the difficulties of the problem," but it counts on the co-operation of the Bank of Issue (which, indeed, it has taken steps to secure), and it is aware "that the settlement of inter-Allied debts is one of the necessary supports of a solid and well-conceived stabilization." All this looks very promising. It should not be really difficult to hold the franc at 160 or 150 to the £, if the Banque de France will genuinely put its gold reserves to this useful purpose. The psychological factor is all-important in this matter, and as soon as the general opinion is formed that the franc is stable it should be easy to keep it so. Perhaps another psychological factor is of even more importance—we refer to the reactions of the politicians. It remains to be seen whether M. Caillaux and M. Briand will be allowed to carry out their programme under the jealous eyes of rival financiers in the Chamber and the Senate. They will be well advised to get quickly to work, so that they may have some results to show before a hostile combination is built up against them.

* * *

A report upon the administration of the Canadian Customs has split the parties upon which Mr. Mackenzie King's majority depends. After three adverse votes had been passed on him in committee the Canadian Premier resigned, and asked Lord Byng, the Governor-General, to dissolve Parliament. Lord Byng did not feel that he could comply, and has summoned Mr. Meighen, the Conservative leader, to form a Government. There will, doubtless, be a general election when the present session is concluded. Lord Byng's decision does not really raise a constitutional question, although certain sections of the Canadian Press assure us that it does. He was, apparently, free by precedent to grant, or refuse, a dissolution: his difficulty was that if he granted one, he gave a tactical advantage to the Government; and if he refused one, he did the same to the Conservative Opposition. He was, probably, well advised in deciding that the business of government ought to be carried on until the session is over, and the quarrel settled by an appeal to the country during the recess.

Mr. Mackenzie King has had an exceedingly troubled year since the general election in which the Conservatives just missed the victory. He resumed office in reliance upon the small Progressive party from the West, who are now split upon the question of the Customs scandals. On the whole, it is surprising that the Liberal Government was able to last even this brief time, since the position was thoroughly illogical, particularly in view of the defeats inflicted upon Ministers. Mr. King's one chance of keeping in for a year lay in his giving the Dominion a spell of sound administration. The scandals of the Customs Department, with the appalling revelations of liquor smuggling to the United States, are more than enough to bring his Government down. But it would be folly for the Conservatives to pretend that, in the presence of a permanent temptation stretched along a thousand miles of frontier, the Customs officials under a different party Government might be immune.

* * *

The scandals of the electoral campaign in Pennsylvania, concerned with an expenditure of party funds on a scale never before known, have been followed by an investigation by the American Senate of the Anti-Saloon League's funds. In a quarter of a century of agitation to make the United States dry, the League has admittedly spent some sixty million dollars, two millions having been used in New York State since the passing of the national dry law. The Senate Committee has commissioned an accountant to examine the books of the Anti-Saloon League, and to prepare for publication a list of all persons who have contributed more than \$500 to the funds. The League has never made any secret of its methods. For many years past its officials have been accustomed to describe how elections are worked, candidates and members of public bodies watched, personal records kept, and every form of terrorist pressure applied. All this is common knowledge in America: but the redoubtable Senator Reed from Missouri, who is wet and sardonic, has made up his mind to bring it all out in the Senate Committee.

* * *

The details of the latest Spanish Plot, which has led to the arrest of some thirty persons, are at present obscured by the censorship; but there is no reason to doubt the official description of the conspirators as an incongruous alliance of Republicans, intellectuals, and discontented Army officers. A Government such as Primo de Rivera's is bound to excite discontent by its good and bad deeds alike. One class of malcontents objects to its suppression of Parliamentary institutions, and its stupid attempts to stamp out discussion and criticism; another, and a very different class objects to its honest attempts at administrative reform. There is nothing surprising in both classes making common cause against it. It is equally credible that the great mass of the people have shown little interest in the plot. The political apathy of the Spanish masses is the great difficulty Primo de Rivera has to overcome, if he really wishes to lead Spain back into the paths of constitutional government. At present the bulk of the people care little for constitutional questions in comparison with internal good order and relief from the Moroccan incubus; if the hopes excited by Abd-el-Krim's surrender prove delusory, the discontent of the articulate minority, driven underground by the censorship, may speedily leaven the whole mass.

* * *

The situation in China becomes more and more involved. Chang Tso-lin is in effective occupation of the capital; but his relations with Wu Pei-fu are extremely obscure, and Wu himself has little control over

his nominal following. Meanwhile, the Kuominchun armies hold together in scarcely diminished strength; General Chang Kai-shek is established in Canton, and a score of provincial governors and generals enjoy a practical independence. It is abundantly clear that any new Government formed in Peking will be wholly unrepresentative, and will enjoy little more than local authority. In these circumstances, the *Times* suggests that the Powers may be obliged to abandon the negotiations concerning tariff autonomy and extra-territorial rights, and concentrate on the protection of their own interests in the collection of the Maritime Customs. This seems to us a counsel of despair. The internal and external problems of China are inextricably entangled, and a threat by the Powers to go back on their promises would not only fan the flames of racial hatred but destroy the last chance of internal stability. The true deduction seems to us to be that the Powers may have to abandon the pretence of regarding the "transient and embarrassed phantoms" at Peking as the sole representatives of China, and open up conversations with the local as well as the central Governments, with a view to assisting a joint settlement of the internal and external problems.

* * *

The secession of the unions of plasterers, bricklayers, and masons from the National Federation of the trade unions in the building industry was carried out with the avowed intention of using their "key" position in order to obtain the best possible terms for themselves, irrespective of the other grades of workers in the industry. The first-fruits of these intentions are now being gathered in Manchester, where the plasterers are on strike for an increase of threepence an hour. Liverpool is said to be the cause of the trouble, for the Liverpool employers and their operatives have also seceded from their respective national organizations, and have agreed that wages in the Liverpool area shall be generally increased by amounts varying in different grades from twopence to a halfpenny an hour. Thus incited, the Manchester plasterers have copied their example, and now all the other grades in Manchester are following suit. The North-Western area section of the Federation of Building Trade Employers have pledged themselves to support the master plasterers in Manchester, but no definite action is to be taken until the present national negotiations on wages are concluded, though Sir Walter Smith has talked openly about a national lock-out, and the need for slowing down the housing programme in order to reduce the demand for building labour. The position is certainly both complex and critical, but this is a truly hopeless remedy.

* * *

The Lord's Test Match has naturally enough ended in a clamour for a fight to a finish. Superficially the demand appears reasonable, but, in fact, an exactly contrary conclusion seems to be the correct one. We probably failed to win at Lord's for two reasons: first that Strudwick missed Bardsley when the latter had made 113, and secondly that Hobbs tired at 80, and began playing slowly just when the score should have been speeded up. Had Strudwick held his catch, England ought to have been well ahead at the end of the second day, perhaps given Australia an hour's batting on Monday and beaten them on Tuesday. As it was they were properly punished for their small faults. To prolong the contests, because batsmen can no longer score off good length bowling is a counsel of despair. Naturally, they will never learn to score fast, if they are not compelled to do so. As it is, we are improving regularly each year and with a little luck may soon get back to pre-war craftsmanship.

THE DOWNWARD COURSE OF THE GOVERNMENT

I TAKE full responsibility for the speeches of my colleagues as well as my own," declared Sir Austen Chamberlain in the House of Commons last Monday. This was a refreshing acknowledgment of collective Cabinet responsibility after the incoherence of Ministerial utterances on our relations with Russia during the past fortnight, but it will hardly be possible for Sir Austen to maintain his correct attitude unless his colleagues exercise some self-restraint. Mr. Baldwin, we notice, was more cautious. "In our party, as in other parties," he said, when pressed to dissociate himself from Mr. Churchill's abuse of the Soviet Government, "some of us have to walk on the ground and some of us use wings." And he added that he believed the speech in question represented the Cabinet's point of view, but he desired an opportunity of studying it. When that opportunity occurs, we hope the Prime Minister will direct his attention, not so much to the abuse, as to Mr. Churchill's obvious dissent from the Cabinet's decision to maintain the Trade Agreement, and his determination to discourage traders from entering the Russian market. These were the mischievous aspects of the speech. Vulgar abuse of the Russians matters little. They are past-masters in the art themselves, and it would perhaps be more dignified if British Ministers refrained from bandying epithets with them; but that is merely a question of manners. The attempt to render the Cabinet's policy futile is a more serious matter. Russia has, at present, a large unsatisfied demand for finished goods, and other countries, notably Germany, are already carrying on a considerable and remunerative trade with her. In time, she will develop means of making for herself the things which she cannot obtain from abroad, and the market which Mr. Churchill warns us off to-day will then be closed to us for ever. This consideration, together with a general sense of the importance of drawing Russia gradually back into the comity of nations, was, we suppose, responsible for the Government's decision not to scrap the Trade Agreement on the trivial grievance of "red gold." They have decided wisely, if half-heartedly, and Mr. Churchill should either accept the judgment of his colleagues or resign.

Unfortunately, it is not only on Russian policy that pressure is being put upon Mr. Baldwin, both inside and outside the Cabinet, to depart from the course which he has recognized as sensible and right. More unfortunately still, there are many signs that Mr. Baldwin's resistance to that pressure is fast breaking down. Foreign policy has never been his chosen field. We do not forget that he has intervened more than once to save Sir Austen Chamberlain from a disastrous blunder, but in the general way he has been content to leave the conduct of foreign affairs to his colleagues. Industrial policy, however, he has made peculiarly his own; and it is with very real regret that those who have followed with sympathy and respect his efforts to promote peace and goodwill in industry have come to realize that it is in this department of affairs that the downward course of the Government is most marked.

Let us recall one or two of those utterances in which Mr. Baldwin has struck a distinctive note, and appealed, beyond his party, for the support of the nation as a whole—an appeal which has awakened a remarkable response and given him an altogether exceptional personal following. First, there was the passage in his Guildhall speech in November, 1924:—

"Neither I nor one of my colleagues is under any misapprehension as to the significance of the election which has taken place. We know that it is the testimony of our fellow-countrymen in favour of ordered progress and not of stagnation; we know that it is a decisive vote against minority Government; and we know that we have received support from many of those who, at ordinary times, might have given their support to other parties. But they have attempted to put into power a national Government, and it is in the exercise of that trust that we shall endeavour to deserve their confidence."

This was not idle rhetoric, but a genuine expression of Mr. Baldwin's attitude of mind. It was repeated in substance and in spirit on March 6th, 1925, when, in his famous speech on the Political Levy Bill, he said:—

"We find ourselves, after these two years, in power, in possession of perhaps the greatest majority our Party has ever had, and with the general assent of the country. Now how did we get there? *It was not by promising to bring this Bill in*; it was because, rightly or wrongly, we succeeded in creating an impression throughout the country that we stood for stable Government and for peace in the country between all classes of the community."

"Those were the principles for which we fought; those were the principles on which we won; and our victory was not won entirely by the votes of our own Party, splendidly as they fought. I should think that the number of Liberals who voted for us at the last Election ran into six figures, and I should think that we probably polled more Labour votes than were polled on the other side."

This was followed by the gesture of peace; "We, at any rate, are not going to fire the first shot." But it is not open to Mr. Baldwin to say that the general strike or the coal trouble has changed the situation and relieved him of the responsibility of keeping the peace, for the general strike itself was called off, ostensibly at least, on the strength of a similar gesture in his broadcast message:—

"Cannot you trust me to ensure a square deal for the parties, to secure even justice between man and man?"

Does he realize, we wonder, how many of those who have trusted him because of the obvious sincerity of his good intentions are now beginning to regret that they have done so? It is, indeed, a sad dilemma in which Mr. Baldwin has placed his former admirers. Either, it seems, he has not the intellectual grasp to know what "a square deal" and "even justice" imply in relation to the trade unions in general and the miners in particular, or he has not the strength of purpose to make those brave words good.

The square deal for the trade unions is to include, according to Lord Birkenhead (who may have been "using wings" but was apparently speaking the mind of the Cabinet), not only a re-examination of the political levy, restrictions on picketing, and a secret ballot under Government auspices, but also the repeal of the central provision of the Trade Disputes Act, so that "those who control the funds of that powerful

machinery shall be answerable, through the funds of the unions, for any wrongful acts for which they may be responsible." If it is really the intention of the Government, as Lord Birkenhead implies, to introduce legislation along these lines, Mr. Baldwin's "Truce of God" will have become a mockery indeed, and there will be rejoicing in both camps of "class-war" extremists. A few weeks ago it would have seemed incredible that such a measure could be introduced until Mr. Baldwin, at least, had been deposed. To-day, alas, one has no such feeling, for has not the apostle of goodwill in industry become the mouthpiece of the mine-owners?

The identity of the point of view that the Government has now adopted on the Coal deadlock with that of the mineowners is strikingly illustrated by the speeches of the Government spokesmen in the Second Reading Debate on the Eight Hours Bill. There is the same assumption that the whole gap between prices ruling during the subsidy and British costs of production must be filled at the expense of the miners; the same bland conviction that the increased output resulting from longer hours would be met by an increased demand at the same level of prices; the same failure even to mention the powerful and impressive arguments advanced by the Commission against an increase in the hours of labour. The Government has gone to the House of Commons and said, as Sir John Simon put it in the debate last Monday:—

"There is a thing which we are going to do and we put it in the forefront. It happens to be something against which the Commission has reported unanimously. It is resisted by the spokesmen of organized labour, but it is recommended by the Mining Association."

That being the policy of the Government, it is rather surprising to find Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland saying, "It is our critics who throw over the Report. I can only say that for our part we stand by the Report, and we are doing our best to carry it out." How does he justify that statement? Well, "for one thing we do not continue the subsidy." "As regards royalties, we retain a free hand, and are trying to attain the same result by other means." Really this lip-service to the Commission has become a farce. The Report is not a dogma to be accepted in theory and evaded in practice, but a searching analysis of the problems of the industry with constructive suggestions. It would be more respectful to the Commissioners and more helpful to the country if the arguments in the Report were carefully weighed, instead of the conclusions being accepted as gospel and then ignored. It is incredible that the Eight Hours Bill could have been put forward as a means of securing "even justice between man and man," if the Report had been taken seriously.

There is one other point in Sir Arthur's speeches in the country and in the House to which we must refer.

"Let me make one point clear beyond all doubt," he said. "Some people think that what we are doing is a first move in a general attack on wages and hours. I say on behalf of the Government that it is nothing of the kind. There is no such attack on wages or hours made or contemplated."

What does this mean? On the surface it is a clear and categorical statement. But the Government does not

as a rule fix the wages and hours of industry. It is hardly in a position to make "a general attack on wages and hours," or to guarantee that no such attack will be made. Indirectly, of course, it may exercise a decisive influence on these matters. It did so last year when it made the fateful decision to return to gold, and the present sorrows of the Mining Industry must be numbered among the first-fruits of that policy. Is Sir Arthur prepared to say that the consequences of that decision have worked themselves out, and that no further wage-reductions will be necessary? If not, he has no right to give the misleading assurance that we have quoted. The Government should have faced the implications of their monetary policy before they embarked upon it; it seems that they have not faced them even now. Their failure to do so is the root cause of the disaster which has befallen all Mr. Baldwin's aspirations for industrial peace.

THE TURKS AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE

BY LIEUT.-COMMANDER J. M. KENWORTHY.

ONCE more diplomacy has succeeded where force failed. The signing of the Treaty of Peace between the United Kingdom and Turkey on June 5th, 1926, was our first diplomatic triumph in the Near East since 1910. In that year British influence in Turkey, which had been predominant since the Crimean War, began to wane. When the Entente with France was followed by a virtual alliance with Russia, we began to lose the friendship of Turkey. Germany had been penetrating Turkey commercially and diplomatically.

The original project of the Baghdad Railway, the short overland route to India, had been conceived by British engineers and financiers. But timidity and inaction lost us a great opportunity. The great German banking houses stepped into the gap and succeeded in building the important Anatolian railways and commencing their extension to the head of the Persian Gulf in face of diplomatic obstacles by the British. The best diplomatists in the German service, at a period when that service had thrown up some extremely able men, were sent to Constantinople. German diplomacy completely outclassed British diplomacy in Turkey in the years preceding the war. A blunder of naval strategy and the hesitation of the British Admiral in the Mediterranean permitted the German battle-cruiser "Goeben" to reach Constantinople and add a powerful argument to the blandishments of the German diplomats. And, extraordinary as it may sound, there was a certain school of thought in British governing circles which found itself not unduly distressed at the abandonment by Turkey of her old friend and the throwing in of her lot with the Central Powers.

A defeat of the Central Powers, with Turkey as their Ally, meant rich spoils for the conquerors. The secret Treaties, entered into during the War, and, no doubt, discussed before its outbreak, and the actual terms of the now defunct Treaty of Sèvres indicate the extent of these spoils. And to-day, even after a successful revolt by the Turkish Nationalists, Syria, Palestine, and Mesopotamia are in Allied occupation, Italy retains her hold on the Turkish Islands and, up till the signing of the Anglo-Turkish Treaty, was not unhopeful of obtaining a large slice of Turkish territory in Asia Minor.

Had things been otherwise, if we could have brought Turkey in on our side, the war would have been over two years sooner, the Russian collapse would not have occurred, and a million Allied dead would be alive to-day. It is, however, no use repining over past blunders. After sixteen years we have a fresh opportunity of regaining the friendship of the Ottoman race. The principal external danger to the infant State of Iraq has been removed, and if the Arab race inhabiting Mesopotamia can learn how to govern itself, Iraq may continue an independent and prosperous existence without too great a drain on the British Treasury. If there is oil in payable quantities in Mosul it will be exploited, and corn and cotton will be grown in an irrigated and fertilized Garden of Eden.

What of the future of Turkey herself? The Turkish Republic occupies a compact territory, rich in minerals, and capable of producing valuable crops. This territory is inhabited by a sturdy, industrious peasantry, far better educated than the peasantry of India, and with a ruling class more capable of governing than any other race in the Middle East. Great military and secular progress is being made; and though the Turks have abandoned the rôle of Defender of the Faithful, women have been emancipated, customs Westernized, and a real start made with the modernization of Turkey as an efficient State. The Turkish oil rights over Mesopotamia will be bought out by the British taxpayer for £500,000, the transaction being decently camouflaged in the form of a loan to the Baghdad Government.

The great weakness of the Turkish Empire in the past was in the attempt to govern alien peoples. The holding down by force of Syria, Arabia, Mesopotamia, and those portions of the Balkans still under Ottoman rule was a great drain on the Treasury and man-power of the Turks. This weakness exists no longer. There is no reason why a prosperous future should not lie ahead of the Turkish Republic. Britain might well take the place of Germany as a constructor of railways in Asia Minor while regaining our old commercial leadership in the Turkish markets. The completion of the great Baghdad Railway should now be pushed on with.

Nor is friendship with the Turkish Republic to be despised. The strategical position of Turkey is important, and a friendly Turkey means the extension of the power of the British Fleet into the Black Sea. It also makes our relations easier with our 100,000,000 fellow Moslem subjects in India. If a steady policy of friendship is pursued by Britain towards Turkey and the Turks reciprocate, as they very well may, she will prove a valuable friend and ally. As Iraq is promised British support in her application for membership of the League of Nations, the next step should be to hold out inducements to the Government of Angora to apply for membership also.

The signature of this Treaty is a set-back to the ambitions of two other nations. Mussolini's dream of a great Italian Colony in Asia Minor under the Italian flag must remain a dream; while Russia can no longer count upon Turkey as one of her satellites.

The great need of the Turks is for peace. They have been continuously at war since the Italian invasion of Tripoli. This was followed by the first and second Balkan Wars, with risings in Arabia, the Great War, and then the war against the Greeks following on the successful rebellion of the Kemalists who now rule Turkey. The Turks have just escaped a further war with Britain, in which Italian intervention would have been almost certain.

No country is in greater need of peace, reconstruction, and recovery. The British have everything to gain and nothing to lose by assisting this process.

WESTON

By SIR CHARLES HOBHOUSE.

THE gathering of Liberal delegates at Weston was not as large as it ought to have been, but probably as large as the remoteness of the town from the great industrial centres of the country and a strictly limited train service permitted it to be. It failed therefore to be as representative as was desirable. Wales and the West of England were adequately present, the North was hardly visible, Lancashire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire might have made a better showing. There is no reason, however, to think that had every delegate attended who ought to have been present, the tone of the meeting would have changed, or that the feeling voiced would have been different. Whatever Conservative or Labour papers and politicians anticipated, the vast, the overwhelming, number of Liberals came to the annual meeting of their National Federation inspired by the expressions of the first emergency resolution which declared for unabated confidence in Lord Oxford, as the sole leader of the party, and for a vigorous prosecution of industrial and social betterment. The delegates were well aware of the differences between leaders revealed by the Oxford-George correspondence—they came, resigned as to the main part, anxious as to a small minority, to discuss these differences, but determined not to let the discussion infect the general body politic. That this is a just and correct inference as to their wishes can be confirmed by reference to the amendments which by the desire of the Conference were *not* allowed to be discussed.

It was possible from the platform to arrive at a much juster estimate of the sentiments of the delegates than from listening at the Press tables, or from a seat in the audience itself. From the elevation of the platform it was clear that the extreme partisans of Mr. Lloyd George had arranged themselves in groups scattered at regular intervals throughout the hall, and applause or dissent came from sympathizers thus congregated with a force and effect out of proportion to real numbers. The more assertive friends of Lord Oxford were in no such collective proximity, they never seemed to be in knots of more than three or four, and gave to their expression of opinion no effective mutual support. Only a close observer advantageously placed and impartial in judgment, could see that in reality these detachments cancelled each other out and left at least three-fifths of those present ready indeed to consider an explanation if an explanation were forthcoming, but desirous that none should be attempted. It was my duty to move the resolution to which I have already referred, and I endeavoured to suit my language to what I believed would be the general attitude of the delegates, and what the event proved it to be. Mr. Layton, who followed me, took the same view of the situation. Between us we made it clear that the Conference was asked to go to the full limits of its powers, but not to attempt anything beyond those powers. Thus it was asked to express its present confidence in its leader, and the direction of future policy and legislation. It could express its desire for co-operation, between all Liberals, to a common end. It could not force on its leader or on his lieutenants the methods or the associates through whom they were to work. When this was clear to the meeting and a definite assurance had been given to one or two delegates, more partisan or more suspicious than their fellows, that the resolution implied no censure on Mr. Lloyd George, it was carried with hardly a dissentient hand. What might have been a serious, a catastrophic, split in the party had been avoided, and we mutually congratulated each other on the exhibition of understanding, forbearance, and common sense. The sincerity of our agree-

ment was called in question and tested at the close of the following day's proceedings. Mr. Mander had given notice that he would not proceed with his motion asking for at least five hundred candidates at the next general election. It was, however, moved and seconded by other speakers, and then Mr. Mander, remembering perhaps the controversy as to Mr. Lloyd George putting difficulty in the way of more than three hundred candidates at the last election, intervened to call in question the reality of the previous day's agreement, and the sincerity of our discussions and resolution. As the person responsible to the audience for that resolution I felt bound to protest, and vigorously, against any such interpretation of our words and actions. A travesty, an untrue and an ungenerous travesty, of the incident has been given in the *DAILY NEWS*. With the exception of two of the groups to whose existence I have alluded above, the audience long and vigorously applauded the assertion that we were sincere, were in earnest, and were pretty well unanimous in reprobating quarrels, in confirmation of Lord Oxford's sole leadership of the party, and in our desire for social progress. They insisted on an immediate vote being taken, and it was carried *nemine contradicente*. I have only recalled this incident to remind your readers that on each day of the Conference an opportunity for dissension arose, on each day the delegates would have none of it.

The other resolutions offered to the Conference either by the Executive Committee or by individual Associations were significant of present political situations—there was one on the General Strike, moved in an admirable speech by Mr. Ramsay Muir, another on Agriculture which drew in Mr. Lloyd George and procured him from his many friends an enthusiastic reception, another on Finance and Economy which made an opening for Sir John Simon, to whom a greeting was given as hearty, if not as noisy, as that accorded to Mr. Lloyd George. All three were productive of interesting debate and of instructive criticism and difference of opinion. This was most marked in connection with Mr. Muir's speech on the General Strike, which he described, amidst cheers, as a crime against society, but a crime for which no fit punishment could be found in a general attack upon the legitimate functions of trade unionism. The general feeling of the Conference was strongly with Mr. Muir, while well-known Trade Unionists attacked and defended his thesis.

Further resolutions connected with the admission of Germany into the League of Nations and the reorganization of the coal industry were accepted with hearty unanimity, and the Conference broke up in a spirit of friendly good fellowship. It had surprised and delighted its friends, it had confounded its enemies. It had elected a new President, Mr. J. A. Spender, a novice in officialism, a veteran of Liberal journalism. No one so well instructed, so urbane, so distinguished by experience could elsewhere have been found. His election was intended as an acknowledgment of life-long devotion to the cause of freedom and progress.

On one further subject I feel impelled to say a word, for it is one on which I was spoken to by many delegates. At the beginning of business on the first day every chair on the platform was occupied. After the luncheon interval empty seats were noticeable, and by the end of the day it was clear that many people who are thought to be of importance in Liberal circles as well as some who really are, had returned to London when the atmosphere of Weston was found to be much nearer set fair than stormy. The exodus was by no means confined to one side, and there is no need to mention names. But it should be made clear that only those can carry weight and influence in the party, and through the party in the country, who are pre-

pared to attend the party gatherings, whether social or political—and there to receive or impart information. Letters to the papers written jointly or severally by persons once eminent for eloquence or for administrative power carry little persuasive force compared with that exercised by others who are seen often and can be spoken with. The receptions accorded to Mr. Lloyd George, Sir John Simon, and Viscount Grey (I put them in chronological order of appearance) makes that quite clear. It is twelve years since a Liberal Ministry functioned. Former Secretaries of State and Ministers, great still in their domestic worlds, are unknown by sight or reputation to the present leaders of local politics—the Great War has obliterated all recollection of services rendered previous to that cataclysm. We have started afresh in the world of problem and solution. Only those count who will give service afresh. The future of Liberal ideals is not secure, the fortunes of the party are dubious. Both are worth a struggle. Success demands urgently the understanding of the new problems and the means of solving them, and necessitates mutual toleration by unsympathetic temperaments who yet have a common political outlook. It requires mutual sacrifice of action and opinion. For example, can Mr. Lloyd George realize the vital importance to him, his aims and his perfectly legitimate ambitions, of real equality round a council table; and do his critics comprehend the full value of his eloquence, magnetism, and vitality? Each is the complement of the other. With union they can win a great triumph, with discord there must be a final eclipse.

Let me conclude with a word of thanks to Lord Grey for a speech of high quality and true statesmanship, fully appreciated by the large audience to whom it was addressed.

AT ST. STEPHEN'S THE CALAMITY OF COAL

(BY OUR PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT.)

HOUSE OF COMMONS,

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30TH.

COAL, *et encore* Coal, *et toujours* Coal. That is the House of Commons debate at present. It emerged from this dismal subject yesterday week to take a look on the surface of England instead of underground, and to hear almost as deplorable prophecies concerning that surface as concerning the regions beneath. It took a day off, the day after, in ragging the amazing Jix's amazing Blue book; a debate in which Mr. Lloyd George dispelled the insanities which fall on certain members when Russia is mentioned by his joyful analysis of the bankruptcy of British Communism for lack of £11 to be obtained from "Mr. Joss," and the pitiful plea that an office boy has now to do the work of typist. Then it plunged into coal again, and is to continue coal debates for the rest of this week in the chamber of the House, while a committee wrangles concerning technicalities of the coal industry, which few of them understand, in a committee-room upstairs.

It is all, of course, utterly futile, aggravating, exhausting. For all practical purposes the House of Commons might be shut up, and if the old French system prevailed, whereby the Government supporters were allowed to leave their voting cards to the Whips and clear out altogether, the place would be deserted. As it is (wise men) they do clear out altogether, to Ascot or Wimbledon or, wisest of all, to Lord's cricket ground, with an unhappy quorum who have drawn, one supposes, bad places in the lottery remaining to keep the Government's majority. To which must be added the limited few who possess the itch of speech, and having, most of them, coal miners in their constituencies, desire to explain that although they love the Government and are compelled to vote for them, they love coal miners even more. The debate is ostensibly on two Bills. But no one talks about the Bills or the contents

of them. Mr. Speaker wisely allows "alternatives to these Bills" to be discussed, and consequently the discussion, with a maddening repetition, revolves round and round the same challenges and affirmations. Will you put the whole Commission Report into operation? Will the Miners' Federation agree to the reduction of wages recommended in the Commission Report? Why do you recommend longer hours when the Commission definitely stated that longer hours would render the situation still more hopeless? How can we reorganize the mines while the miners are still on strike? Why are you murdering men, women, and children in the mining industry? Why does the mining industry demand a subsidy from workers much poorer than its own? So the dreary round goes on with "damnable iteration," each member saying exactly the same as was said before, each member speaking only to his constituents, and each member knowing that for all practical purposes Parliament has been put out of action in this contest.

I had expected and been warned of scenes and violence. In the beginning, both on Wednesday and on Monday, there were interruptions from one or two miners unsupported by the bulk of the Labour Party. One or two enterprising daily papers have supplemented the Test Match scores by the notice "Noisy Scenes in Parliament." Mr. Speaker immediately quelled, probably wisely, even the normal interruptions which are permitted in debate, though how members without some protest could endure, not the truculence, but the boredom of, on one occasion, forty minutes of Lane Fox and on the other three-quarters of an hour of Steel-Maitland, passes human comprehension. The Minister of Mines is probably one of the most popular and certainly one of the worst speakers the Front Bench has ever seen. The Minister of Labour, with his superior manner and his excellent capacity for reading from typescript, is probably one of the most fluent of orators and least popular of persons. But after these preliminaries the debate, except in the last hour on Tuesday, when an attack on Mr. Baldwin was deliberately vamped up, represented nothing so much as an Elegy in a country churchyard, in which only the moping owl did to the moon complain, while melancholy marked him for her own. You cannot attack with any passion a Government Bill regarded as infamous armed with quotations from Tennyson and Mark Twain, as Mr. Stephen Walsh attempted to do on Monday, nor conclude such an attack with an assertion that Mr. Baldwin, despite outward appearances, still had a kindly heart for the poor. I must confess, as an entertainment, I preferred Mr. D. Graham, who, in a house of about twenty, in the dinner hour, on Tuesday, hurled every conceivable kind of imprecation, secure in his Scots tongue, upon the Ministers and their supporters which the few who heard made no attempt to withstand or to get ruled out of order. He joyfully concluded with a passionate affirmation, "I have been called an atheist, I am not an atheist. I believe in the good old Presbyterian God. I believe in heaven and hell, and I know at which door the coalowners will be knocking when they die."

The most noticeable feature of the debates has been the seemingly total separation of the bulk of the Labour Party, including all its leaders, from the miners' representatives. The latter will not forgive the abandonment of the general strike without consultation with the Miners' Federation delegates. The former will not forgive the reproaches and insults hurled at them by Mr. Cook and the coal miners' leaders. The result is a Labour front bench even more put out of action than the House of Commons. And I think any casual spectator, undisturbed by considerations of *haute politique*, would have more sympathy with one of those passionately in earnest if "impracticable" mining representatives who cleave the silence as if with a sudden cry of bitter anger against injustice and revolt against the collapse of their standard of life, than with the Labour politicians who seem to regard all this as rather bad form and allow the speakers to unpack their hearts without even a single sympathetic cheer. In face of this increasing catastrophe the Government has less intelligence, initiative, or energy to offer than any Government in face of a great strike in modern times. It is a misfortune that all the Ministers directly connected with the coal settlement are

second or third-rate. Lord Birkenhead might have settled this as he settled Ireland when all else failed. Even Mr. Winston Churchill, I believe, had he been placed in charge, with his varied, lively, and unprejudiced mind, bound by no formulas, might have done something, if it had been in his political interest to do so. But Colonel Lane Fox dolefully ladles forth one and a half of the Commission's twelve recommendations for immediate legislation. Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland spends half his time asserting that they are carrying out all the recommendations of the Commission, and the other half arguing against the most fundamental recommendation the Commission makes. While Mr. Baldwin, gazing in stagnant amazement at his own existence, perhaps wondered if words and not deeds will create the time when little children will love one another.

Parliament, of course, is being fooled, and it knows it is being fooled. Directly the Commission reported months ago the majority of the Cabinet decided that they would not purchase coal and royalties, that they would not compel amalgamations, and that they would not accept any step towards what their back bench supporters, in some bleary-eyed fashion, held to be Socialism: the creation of wholesale selling agencies and the municipal supply of retail coal. Having thus torn the Commission's report to pieces they then smashed to pieces also the seven-hours day under the belief, as they are assured, that the miners will be starved or bored into acceptance of their policy. This is paraphrased by the ineffable Jix into "You cannot negotiate with people of that kind, and I am rather being forced to the conclusion that there will be no compromise, that it is perhaps better to leave it to the forces of economic law to settle." No doubt such economic law has added Joynson to Hicks and raised the combine to be Home Secretary.

But if the Government are going to throw the reins on the neck of what they are pleased to call economic law, against which all humane and social legislation has fought for centuries, they may send the miners underground again and boast a temporary peace. But they will have converted a considerable proportion of a million of the flower of our working people from the mild Radicalism which puts them on the Right Wing of the Labour Party into that Communism for which our hyphenated knight is searching so eagerly, and, at present, searching in vain. And they may be "rather forced to the conclusion" that there is no need for hyphenated knights at all.

LIFE AND POLITICS

"JIX" may be depended upon to blurt out the mind of the Government where more cunning Ministers conceal it. He says that the miners are so intractable that no compromise is possible. "It is perhaps better to leave it to the forces of economic law to settle." He adds with truly Pecksniffian sorrow "it is a hard thing to do." This is a mixture of ruthlessness and hypocrisy. Only the irritation of the public over the stupidity of the miners prevents the Government policy from being recognized as the ugly thing it is. Mr. Baldwin, well meaning as he is, has been pushed and cajoled into a position undistinguishable in essentials from that of the Mining Association. All his fine sentiments issue in this naked industrial war. The miners who have been robbed—largely, it is true, by their own clumsy folly—of the shelter of the Report are to be left to "the forces of economic law": that is, to the colliery owners. They, and they alone, are left to dig the industry with their picks out of the hole into which it has fallen.

* * *

It is good news that the meeting of the Liberal Parliamentary Party announced for this week has been postponed. If it had been held, it would certainly have brought up in an acute, perhaps a disastrous, form the quarrel as it exists between the majority and the minority. What is wanted now is a truce—a long truce. Liberals have taken every

opportunity offered them of telling the "leaders" what they think of the renowned quarrel. They want to hear no more about it. If it were to be renewed within the Parliamentary party in the form of a squabble about the occupancy of the Whip's office, which might result in a definite and final split, this would be the last insult to Liberal sentiment outside. Unless the issue is deliberately raised, there is no reason why the party in the House should not rub along at least as well as it has been doing since this Parliament began. Lord Oxford, as we all know, needs a period of quiet if he is to obtain that complete restoration which we all hope for him. Cannot this consideration be allowed to govern the situation?

* * *

Mr. Wickham Steed is a fortunate man. Not for him the anxious uncertainty with which I and the obscure multitude to which I belong look out upon international affairs. All we know is that we are frightened. What would we give to possess the Olympian penetration of a Wickham Steed? The great war came upon us like a shattering blow from the dark. We knew nothing. But, "as early as 1912," Mr. Wickham Steed, as he tells us in the *OBSERVER*, knew the Great War was coming; he knew how it would come, and he knew that we should be in it. Therefore when the Archduke was murdered, "I watched the unfolding of the drama with the feeling of a playgoer who has read the play before." This is the true sublime. Like one of Mr. Hardy's spirits—the Spirit of Pity, let us hope—this gifted seer saw everything that was mercifully hidden from the eyes of lesser men—I am simply expressing envy at his superlative rightness as a prophet. Such a man is wasted as a publicist. We want him at the Foreign Office. Then we could all sleep better.

* * *

As I wandered through the new galleries at Millbank I thanked heaven for our rich men of taste. One Duveen gave the great gallery for the display of the Turners, our greatest national possession in art. Another Duveen has built this range of rooms which in their spacious splendour are beyond the dreams of a potentate of the Italian renaissance. So long as such gifts are made to the people the existence of great fortunes in our commonwealth will be justified. The State could not do it, and Parliament does not care enough for pictures to sanction the spending, if the country was as rich as it is poor. The Tate is now unquestionably the most interesting collection of modern art in the world. Twenty years ago it was little more than a repository for Academy successes. As the result of drastic selection and unwearied search for the best things it has become a wonderful reflection of the forward-looking spirit in European art. (Of course, there are people who would like to make exchanges between the cellars and the walls.) The pitilessly exposed Wertheimer family make a great show in the new Sargent gallery. What conveyed to me the most memorable thrill of new beauty was a small picture by Gauguin of a cornfield, some rocks and a background of sea. No array of words can express its strange loveliness.

* * *

I was once called into the presence of an American magnate renowned as a Strong Silent man. He said he wanted to obtain from me some information about English politics. I left the presence an hour later having said little more than "Good morning." There had been no chance to say more. The strong silent man had taken up all the time with his information about English politics. I am reminded of this incident by reading some revelations in the *NEW REPUBLIC* about another strong silent man—President Coolidge. It seems that Mr. Coolidge "in his quiet way" turns out every year "words enough in public addresses to fill two fair-sized novels." By comparison,

Woodrow Wilson, who had the reputation of being a loquacious President, is left standing—or speaking. Wilson made seventeen public addresses in his best year; Coolidge beat him easily with twenty-eight speeches last year, added a steady flow of official statements, letters to the Press, messages, and a barrage of comment via the official spokesman. One day in every four Mr. Coolidge is not talking. He talks 8,688 words a month into the microphone, and speaks at about seventy-five different kinds of meetings every year. Mr. Coolidge may be "silent" in the recesses of the White House. He deserves a little rest at home. Perhaps the chief value of the legend lies in providing material for stories of his taciturnity. If he was really silent the gossipers would quickly cope with the situation—they would invent a legend of the "talkative President."

* * *

The offensive, as we all know, is often the best form of the defensive. Mr. Wells—or it may be his publisher—has not waited to be attacked for putting real people into "The World of William Clissold." He tells us, three months ahead of publication, not only that his vast new novel contains real people, but that they are there under their own names. With his customary sharpness Mr. Wells attacks the critics for the "vulgar" habit of smelling out the originals of his characters. The critics are not without a case. No novelist I can think of has gone farther than Mr. Wells in drawing well-known personages under a thin veil of fiction. It is only fair to say that he has encouraged the "vulgarity" of critics and readers by his own practice. Many of us will continue to think—opinion is free—that this is a dubious practice, indeed, a form of artistic bad manners, as it was in the classic instance of Dickens's Skimpole. We shall think this in spite of Mr. Wells's enormous prestige and I may add the anger with which he reacts to criticism of his methods. There is no room in a paragraph to argue it. Mr. Wells informs us that the real people are to appear without any disguise, and that the other characters are fictitious. We shall at any rate know where we are with "William Clissold." The notable persons dragged into the book will know how to look after themselves. It is perhaps a pity that Mr. Wells was not equally candid in, for instance, "The New Machiavelli."

* * *

I spent the greater part of Sunday browsing in Mr. Fowler's new "Dictionary of Modern English Usage," and I take up my trembling pen to record an impression. "Trembling" because Mr. Fowler convinces me that I ought not to venture upon writing anything. I don't know enough. His Dictionary destroys my nerve. Before reading it I might have felt not more than normally unhappy, for example, about the first sentence in this paragraph, but now —. Would Mr. Fowler pass "the greater part" or "browsing in" or "impression"? I am anxious to look it up, but I haven't the courage to go on. (Ending a sentence with a preposition? Yes, he does allow it, I remember. What a relief!) M. Jourdain spoke prose all his life without knowing it (see "Hackneyed Quotations"), and I am miserably certain that from the angle of Oxford I have been writing "jargon" all my life in blissful ignorance. It is blissful no more. "Blissful ignorance"? Am I not decorating my wretched prose with borrowed scraps of finery like the "bower bird"? It will be better for me to cease—"stop," I mean; forgive me, Mr. Fowler—before things get any worse.

* * *

When, at the National Liberal Club lunch, Mr. Lloyd George said that he had been sent back to the ranks, his son, Major Gwilym Lloyd George, remarked to a neighbour: "If father's going back to the ranks, thank God I'm not his platoon officer."

KAPPA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MR. RUNCIMAN'S LETTER

SIR,—In Mr. Runciman's disclaimer (in your issue of June 26th) regarding a commendation of Mr. Lloyd George which I had attributed to him, he advises me to verify my reference. I have done so, and find in the *SOUTH WALES NEWS* of May 30th, 1925, substantially the words which I had quoted at second-hand, and some more in the same vein. I assume, therefore, that his letter is not intended to disclaim the words. If Mr. Runciman means that his subsequent actions have proved these words to have been a conventional insincerity, though doubtless uttered with the best of motives, that I certainly accept. Indeed, I suggested this explanation in my original letter.

In spite of so many words about persons, it is, in truth, policies and not persons which are drawing the lines of division. It would be very agreeable if politics were a tea-party. If they were, I am not sure that I would not sip with Mr. Baldwin as lief as anywhere. But alas! it is not so.—Yours, &c.,

J. M. KEYNES.

LORD OXFORD AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE

SIR,—Having, with characteristic fairness, published a letter from me, with whose tenor you cannot be expected to agree, and having commented on it, you will perhaps, in the same spirit, allow me to reply, more briefly, to your comments.

These are not directed to the last, and more immediately pertinent half, of my letter, nor in particular do they suggest any answer to the question I ventured to pose at its conclusion.

But in regard to its first half, you ask a perfectly fair and plain question, to which I will try to return an equally plain answer. You ask whether "the attitude of Lord Oxford to the propriety of negotiations" with the general strikers was "so adamant as Mr. Cyril Asquith suggests." My answer to this is an unqualified "Yes."

You impliedly contrast my father's contribution to the *BRITISH GAZETTE* and his "post-strike utterances" with his speech in the House of Lords on May 4th, and suggest that there was some discrepancy between them—that the former were "unbending," the latter less so.

I have reread that speech in the light of your suggestion, and have been unable to detect any such discrepancy. Throughout it, the speaker is at pains to contrast two things the general strike and the coal stoppage. As regards the coal stoppage he is conciliatory and constructive in a degree to which his critics have been slow to testify. In regard to the general strike, he is wholly uncompromising.

This speech was delivered within thirty-six hours of the Government's declaration that they would not negotiate with the general strikers until the general strike was unconditionally withdrawn. That declaration was fresh in the minds of his hearers. To such an audience he said—after criticizing the general strike in the most unsparing terms—that the challenge which it represented was one which no Government could fail "promptly and effectually to take up." In other words he endorsed the Government's attitude towards it.

As regards the coal stoppage—to which he devoted the next part of his speech—he advocated conciliation and legislative action—but as regards the coal stoppage only.

In his concluding sentences the same distinction is emphasized—between the "menace to the community" on the one hand—the general strike—and on the other the "industrial situation," i.e., the coal dispute. In regard to the first he says his object in speaking is to "strengthen the hands of the Government if they need strengthening." In regard to the second, he claims (and with some justice) to have made "constructive suggestions" and adds that "the door should be kept open."

I can only imagine that you have applied to the general strike what he said in regard exclusively to coal when you suggest, as you do, that he was not "adamant" against the general strike.

Sir John Simon is the best interpreter of his own resolution, and will no doubt explain it. But if it be suggested

that his attitude was the same as that of Mr. George, I offer three suggestions: (1) His resolution concerns what the Government ought to do if and when the general strike should be unconditionally withdrawn. (2) He did not, as Mr. George did, decline consultation with his colleagues. (3) He did not, as Mr. George did, criticize the Government during the strike, let alone insist that his colleagues should do so as a condition of his continued co-operation. He and they agreed that such criticism—however well-founded—should not be embarked on while the house was still on fire.

As to Professor Murray, it is perfectly true that he regarded the issue of "unconditional" *versus* "conditional" withdrawal as not, in and by itself, crucial. In this I am forced to dissent—with great regret, but without diffidence—from a friend and master whose opinions on other questions I share practically without exception.

The question really is what was the right view, not what views was in fact taken by two persons whose bent of mind is usually "Asquithian."

May I, in conclusion, add my tribute to the spirit in which *THE NATION*, having formed and expressed with great cogency its own view, has opened its columns to all shades of opinion?—Yours, &c.,

CYRIL ASQUITH.

[Sir John Simon's resolution cannot be dismissed as the expression of his individual opinion; it was the agreed resolution of the Liberal Party, and must therefore have been seen and approved by Lord Oxford. And it laid down what the Government ought to do "concurrently" with the withdrawal of the general strike.—ED., *NATION*.]

SIR,—It is interesting to note that Mr. Cyril Asquith does not regard the muffled voice from the Lords at the beginning of the strike as indicating any determination in favour of a peace by conciliation. Those who identify themselves with one party in a dispute are apt to regard that quarrel as essentially different from any other.

The fact remains that the dispute was settled as Mr. Lloyd George had prophesied in his American article:—

"Sooner or later negotiations will take place with the full knowledge and approval of the Government," a phrase which adequately describes what happened with regard to the Samuel Memorandum.

That Mr. Lloyd George's attitude was in accordance with the spirit of Liberalism is surely proved by the fact that it has roused and rallied to his side the dormant forces of Liberalism throughout the country.

The crisis has also demonstrated that the effective leadership of a party must devolve upon the man who is in a position to fight for its principles in the House of Commons.—Yours, &c.,

BRIAN LUNN.

50, Manchester Street, W.1.
June 28th, 1926.

SIR,—If it is too much to ask that Mr. Lloyd George should verify his quotations, Mr. Keynes might at least be expected to do so, before he condemns Liberals like Lord Oxford, Mr. Runciman, and Sir John Simon for insincerity. Mr. Runciman and Sir James Currie have already dealt with Mr. Keynes's references to them. It may be as well to complete the series by tracing to its source Mr. Keynes's assertion that Sir John Simon "thanked God for Mr. Lloyd George." Mr. Keynes's quotation is no doubt from the Manchester speech of Mr. Lloyd George, in whose statements Mr. Keynes seems to have an uncritical belief, which he is far from extending to those of other Liberal leaders. If he had troubled to look into the matter, Mr. Keynes would have found the explanation of the myth in an article on Mr. Lloyd George's speech at Manchester, which appeared in the *Spen Valley* local newspaper:—

"The reference by Mr. Lloyd George at Manchester last Saturday to his visit to Spen Valley was adroit and amusing, but it wasn't candid. As everyone in Spen Valley knows, the occasion of the visit was the Cleckheaton and Heckmondwike Chamber of Commerce dinner, and Sir John Simon was merely the medium for conveying the invitation to Mr. Lloyd George from the Chamber itself, as on another occasion

he was the channel for conveying a similar invitation to a Conservative Minister. Furthermore, the passage from Sir John's speech which Mr. Lloyd George professed to quote gave the impression that Sir John had himself 'Thanked God for Lloyd George,' whereas anyone reading the speech would see that what he actually said was 'Nearly every person who was criticizing Mr. Lloyd George to-day, thanked God that he existed at some other time.' And indeed what Sir John then said was really an apt comment on and a confirmation of Mr. Lloyd George's instability."

There is not much here to suggest eulogy of Mr. Lloyd George by Sir John Simon.

Even more astonishing, perhaps, is Mr. Lloyd George's audacity in providing himself with a testimonial from Lord Grey by quoting praise for his energy and resource (which was carefully limited to the years 1914-16), from a chapter in Lord Grey's recent book, in which he pronounces this verdict on Mr. Lloyd George's Government:—

"After the Peace, more especially in the last two years of the Lloyd George Government, its proceedings and conduct of affairs stirred me with indignation and despair such as I have never felt about any other British Government."

Does Mr. Lloyd George claim that Lord Grey has ever trusted him since 1916?—Yours, &c.,

LEIF JONES.

16, Bryanston Street, W.
June 29th, 1926.

WHIGGS AND RADICALS

SIR,—In your current issue Mr. Maynard Keynes describes Lord Oxford as a "Whig" and Mr. Lloyd George as a "Radical." As these words are used by different people in very different senses, I wonder if so clear a thinker as Mr. Keynes would mind giving your readers his concise definition of both terms?—Yours, &c.,

W. M. CROOK.

6, St. Andrew's Place, Regent's Park, N.W.1.
June 24th, 1926.

SIR,—Thank you for showing me Mr. Crook's letter. A *Whig* is a perfectly sensible Conservative. A *Radical* is a perfectly sensible Labourite. A *Liberal* is anyone who is perfectly sensible.—Yours, &c.,

J. M. KEYNES.

June 28th, 1926.

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL

SIR,—Your contributor "Kappa" regrets that what was good enough for Handel and Hogarth and Dickens and other obscure sentimentalists of the past is to pass away. As an obscure sentimentalist of the present day who visited the Foundling Hospital only a few Sundays ago, I cannot agree with him, but rejoice that the children will now have the chance of getting in the country some sunlight, and with

that, perhaps, a little brightness in their faces. I found that they looked hopeless and pitiable, and that there was the peculiar and unpleasant odour of herded children such as I remember still of some forty years ago when I was a prospective pupil teacher in a board school with large classes. This same odour which turned me from all thoughts of teaching so long ago, I was surprised to find existed now. Could Mrs. Meagles have visited the hospital again with me she would, in my opinion, have shed more tears and sighed at the absence of progress.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST J. WIGNALL.

9, Tredegar Terrace, E.3.
June 21st, 1926.

RATIONALISM AND RELIGION

SIR,—Mr. Leonard Woolf, in his recent criticism in *THE NATION* of certain books on religion, writes of the immense influence of religious endowments and pecuniary interests and then makes the wonderful discovery that "that is not the end of the story. . . . In a minority of cases there is something else which makes a man a believer instead of an atheist."

Does Mr. Woolf believe that the rise and growth of Christianity, the endurance of the persecuted, the suffering of rack, flame, and lions' teeth, the sacrifices of monk and missionary, the prayers and hopes of Christians throughout the ages, the courage of those who stood up to tyrants in the name of righteousness, the manifest life of the Church to the present day, were due to pecuniary interest? Really, these Freethinkers must think more freely.

Then he states that the Universe is "obviously" cold, indifferent, and meaningless. Why "obviously"? To millions, who include greater minds than Mr. Woolf, it is not at all obvious.

To such the universe, though full of mystery and but little known, does manifest some meaning to the intellect of man.

One need not be religious to value at their proper worth such statements as that religion chiefly depends on pecuniary interests, and that the universe is obviously meaningless.—Yours, &c.,

J. ALDER.

June 6th, 1926.

[Mr. Leonard Woolf writes: "Mr. Alder, by chopping sentences out of my article and uniting them with dots, succeeds in making me say what actually I did not say. Moreover, I was writing not about the early Christian or mediæval monks, but about the Church of to-day in which, I confess, I do not see much life manifest. As to the other point, all one can do is to congratulate Mr. Alder on not only finding 'manifest life' in the Church, but also 'manifest meaning' in the universe. His eyesight seems to be better than mine."]

THE CINEMA

By VIRGINIA WOOLF.

PEOPLE say that the savage no longer exists in us, that we are at the fag-end of civilization, that everything has been said already, and that it is too late to be ambitious. But these philosophers have presumably forgotten the movies. They have never seen the savages of the twentieth century watching the pictures. They have never sat themselves in front of the screen and thought how, for all the clothes on their backs and the carpets at their feet, no great distance separates them from those bright-eyed, naked men who knocked two bars of iron together and heard in that clangour a foretaste of the music of Mozart.

The bars in this case, of course, are so highly wrought and so covered over with accretions of alien matter that

it is extremely difficult to hear anything distinctly. All is hubble-bubble, swarm, and chaos. We are peering over the edge of a cauldron in which fragments of all shapes and savours seem to simmer; now and again some vast form heaves itself up, and seems about to haul itself out of chaos. Yet, at first sight, the art of the cinema seems simple, even stupid. There is the King shaking hands with a football team; there is Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht; there is Jack Horner winning the Grand National. The eye licks it all up instantaneously, and the brain, agreeably titillated, settles down to watch things happening without bestirring itself to think. For the ordinary eye, the English unæsthetic eye, is a simple mechanism, which takes care that the body does not fall down coal-holes, provides

the brain with toys and sweetmeats to keep it quiet, and can be trusted to go on behaving like a competent nursemaid until the brain comes to the conclusion that it is time to wake up. What is its surprise, then, to be roused suddenly in the midst of its agreeable somnolence and asked for help? The eye is in difficulties. The eye wants help. The eye says to the brain, "Something is happening which I do not in the least understand. You are needed." Together they look at the King, the boat, the horse, and the brain sees at once that they have taken on a quality which does not belong to the simple photograph of real life. They have become not more beautiful, in the sense in which pictures are beautiful, but shall we call it (our vocabulary is miserably insufficient) more real, or real with a different reality from that which we perceive in daily life? We behold them as they are when we are not there. We see life as it is when we have no part in it. As we gaze we seem to be removed from the pettiness of actual existence. The horse will not knock us down. The King will not grasp our hands. The wave will not wet our feet. From this point of vantage, as we watch the antics of our kind, we have time to feel pity and amusement, to generalize, to endow one man with the attributes of the race. Watching the boat sail and the wave break, we have time to open our minds wide to beauty and register on top of it the queer sensation—this beauty will continue, and this beauty will flourish whether we behold it or not. Further, all this happened ten years ago, we are told. We are beholding a world which has gone beneath the waves. Brides are emerging from the Abbey—they are now mothers; ushers are ardent—they are now silent; mothers are tearful; guests are joyful; this has been won and that has been lost, and it is over and done with. The war sprung its chasm at the feet of all this innocence and ignorance, but it was thus that we danced and pirouetted, toiled and desired, thus that the sun shone and the clouds scudded up to the very end.

But the picture-makers seem dissatisfied with such obvious sources of interest as the passage of time and the suggestiveness of reality. They despise the flight of gulls, ships on the Thames, the Prince of Wales, the Mile End Road, Piccadilly Circus. They want to be improving, altering, making an art of their own—naturally, for so much seems to be within their scope. So many arts seemed to stand by ready to offer their help. For example, there was literature. All the famous novels of the world, with their well-known characters, and their famous scenes, only asked, it seemed, to be put on the films. What could be easier and simpler? The cinema fell upon its prey with immense rapacity, and to this moment largely subsists upon the body of its unfortunate victim. But the results are disastrous to both. The alliance is unnatural. Eye and brain are torn asunder ruthlessly as they try vainly to work in couples. The eye says: "Here is Anna Karenina." A voluptuous lady in black velvet wearing pearls comes before us. But the brain says: "That is no more Anna Karenina than it is Queen Victoria." For the brain knows Anna almost entirely by the inside of her mind—her charm, her passion, her despair. All the emphasis is laid by the cinema upon her teeth, her pearls, and her velvet. Then "Anna falls in love with Vronsky"—that is to say, the lady in black velvet falls into the arms of a gentleman in uniform, and they kiss with enormous succulence, great deliberation, and infinite gesticulation on a sofa in an extremely well-appointed library, while a gardener incidentally mows the lawn. So we lurch and lumber through the most famous novels of the world. So we spell them out in words of one syllable written, too, in the scrawl of an illite-

rate schoolboy. A kiss is love. A broken cup is jealousy. A grin is happiness. Death is a hearse. None of these things has the least connection with the novel that Tolstoy wrote, and it is only when we give up trying to connect the pictures with the book that we guess from some accidental scene—like the gardener mowing the lawn—what the cinema might do if it were left to its own devices.

But what, then, are its devices? If it ceased to be a parasite, how would it walk erect? At present it is only from hints that one can frame any conjecture. For instance, at a performance of Dr. Caligari the other day, a shadow shaped like a tadpole suddenly appeared at one corner of the screen. It swelled to an immense size, quivered, bulged, and sank back again into nonentity. For a moment it seemed to embody some monstrous, diseased imagination of the lunatic's brain. For a moment it seemed as if thought could be conveyed by shape more effectively than by words. The monstrous, quivering tadpole seemed to be fear itself, and not the statement, "I am afraid." In fact, the shadow was accidental, and the effect unintentional. But if a shadow at a certain moment can suggest so much more than the actual gestures and words of men and women in a state of fear, it seems plain that the cinema has within its grasp innumerable symbols for emotions that have so far failed to find expression. Terror has, besides its ordinary forms, the shape of a tadpole; it burgeons, bulges, quivers, disappears. Anger is not merely rant and rhetoric, red faces and clenched fists. It is perhaps a black line wriggling upon a white sheet. Anna and Vronsky need no longer scowl and grimace. They have at their command—but what? Is there, we ask, some secret language which we feel and see, but never speak, and, if so, could this be made visible to the eye? Is there any characteristic which thought possesses that can be rendered visible without the help of words? It has speed and lowness; dartlike directness and vaporous circumlocution. But it has also, especially in moments of emotion, the picture-making power, the need to lift its burden to another bearer; to let an image run side by side along with it. The likeness of the thought is, for some reason, more beautiful, more comprehensible, more available than the thought itself. As everybody knows, in Shakespeare the most complex ideas form chains of images through which we mount, changing and turning, until we reach the light of day. But, obviously, the images of a poet are not to be cast in bronze, or traced by pencil. They are compact of a thousand suggestions of which the visual is only the most obvious or the uppermost. Even the simplest image: "My love's like a red, red rose, that's newly sprung in June," presents us with impressions of moisture and warmth and the glow of crimson and the softness of petals inextricably mixed and strung upon the lilt of a rhythm which is itself the voice of the passion and hesitation of the lover. All this, which is accessible to words, and to words alone, the cinema must avoid.

Yet if so much of our thinking and feeling is connected with seeing, some residue of visual emotion which is of no use either to painter or to poet may still await the cinema. That such symbols will be quite unlike the real objects which we see before us seems highly probable. Something abstract, something which moves with controlled and conscious art, something which calls for the very slightest help from words or music to make itself intelligible, yet justly uses them subserviently—of such movements and abstractions the films may, in time to come, be composed. Then, indeed, when some new symbol for expressing thought is found, the film-maker has enormous riches at his command. The exactitude of reality

and its surprising power of suggestion are to be had for the asking. Annas and Vronskys—there they are in the flesh. If into this reality he could breathe emotion, could animate the perfect form with thought, then his booty could be hauled in hand over hand. Then, as smoke pours from Vesuvius, we should be able to see thought in its wildness, in its beauty, in its oddity, pouring from men with their elbows on a table; from women with their little handbags slipping to the floor. We should see these emotions mingling together and affecting each other.

We should see violent changes of emotion produced by their collision. The most fantastic contrasts could be flashed before us with a speed which the writer can only toil after in vain; the dream architecture of arches and battlements, of cascades falling and fountains rising, which sometimes visits us in sleep or shapes itself in half-darkened rooms, could be realized before our waking eyes. No fantasy could be too far-fetched or insubstantial. The past could be unrolled, distances annihilated, and the gulfs which dislocate novels (when, for instance, Tolstoy has to pass from Levin to Anna, and in so doing jars his story and wrenches and arrests our sympathies) could, by the sameness of the background, by the repetition of some scene, be smoothed away.

How all this is to be attempted, much less achieved, no one at the moment can tell us. We get intimations only in the chaos of the streets, perhaps, when some momentary assembly of colour, sound, movement suggests that here is a scene waiting a new art to be transfixed. And sometimes at the cinema, in the midst of its immense dexterity and enormous technical proficiency, the curtain parts and we behold, far off, some unknown and unexpected beauty. But is it for a moment only. For a strange thing has happened—while all the other arts were born naked, this, the youngest, has been born fully clothed. It can say everything before it has anything to say. It is as if the savage tribe, instead of finding two bars of iron to play with, had found, scattering the seashore, fiddles, flutes, saxophones, trumpets, grand pianos by Erard and Bechstein, and had begun with incredible energy, but without knowing a note of music, to hammer and thump upon them all at the same time.

THE SUCCESSOR OF THE SWORD

By JOHN BERESFORD.

THE sword as a weapon of war has perished. It survives as a symbol of force, rather of forces far more odious and more devastating. Nevertheless, there has been widespread progress towards peace during the last century and a half. Whereas in the time of George III. the weapons of violence were not concentrated simply in the hands of the Government, but were also widely scattered among the citizens, in the time of George V. the use of these weapons throughout the civilized countries of the world is confined to the Government of each State. It is a great thing that the rule of law should be paramount over individuals; it remains for it to be asserted internationally over Governments. There are signs that this great change also is slowly being accomplished.

Meanwhile, let us observe the process of that profound social change which shows the citizen disarming, which marks the sword being turned, if not into a plough-share, at least into an umbrella.

The sword as part of the indispensable apparel of a gentleman began to be laid aside in the reign of George I.

Between the years 1720 and 1780, fashionable young men in London, in their morning walks at least, might be seen carrying walking-sticks. But the sword was not yet by any means universally displaced. It was still worn on social occasions, and specially in Parliament. It was not until towards the end of the 1770's that swords were generally dispensed with by Members of Parliament, and even then old-fashioned Members like Rigby did not abandon them:—

"When in his place," says Wraxall, "he was invariably habited in a full-dressed suit of clothes, commonly of a purple or dark colour, without lace or embroidery, close-buttoned, with his sword thrust through the pocket."

This was in 1781.

The death warrant of the sword, however, was finally sealed, not by the walking-stick but by the umbrella. In England the use of the umbrella made its way with painful slowness. At first it was employed simply as a parasol, and as such seems to be known in the seventeenth century in France and England. The parasol had been used immemorially in the East, and from the East it spread into Europe. But it was not, it seems, till the early years of the eighteenth century that the umbrella was used as a protection against rain in England. Kersey's Dictionary, in 1708, defines it as "a screen commonly used by women to keep off rain." "*Commonly used by women*"—that was the rub: it was effeminate—

"Britannia's winter only knows its aid
To guard from chilly showers the walking maid."

So Gay refers to the "umbrella's oily shed" in his "Trivia." Hence that highly sarcastic notice in the *FEMALE TATLER* for December 12th, 1709: "The young gentleman borrowing the umbrella belonging to Wills' coffee-house, in Cornhill, of the mistress, is hereby advertised that to be dry from head to foot on the like occasion, he shall be welcome to the maid's pattens."†

Until the 1780's the use of the umbrella in England was confined to women: also it might be kept in coffee-houses or noblemen's houses, to shelter persons between the house and their coach or hackney carriage; or the churchwardens provided one for the use of the uncovered parson during a funeral. It may be recalled that Parson Woodforde had an umbrella held over his head while burying an infant of five weeks in Weston Churchyard during a frightful blizzard on January 28th, 1787.‡

In France they were more progressive; effeminate, most of our ancestors would have said. General Wolfe was struck by the general use and convenience of umbrellas in Paris in 1752. Horace Walpole notes their use in Paris in 1765, as one more illustration of the extraordinary difference in the habits of the two nations:—

"What strikes me the most, upon the whole, is the total difference of manners between them and us, from the greatest object to the least. There is not the smallest similitude in the twenty-four hours. It is obvious in every trifle. Servants carry their lady's train, and put her into her coach with their hat on. They walk about the streets in the rain with umbrellas to avoid putting on their hats; driving themselves in open chaises in the country without hats, in the rain too, and yet often wear them in a chariot in Paris when it does not rain. . . ."

It is claimed for Jonas Hanway, the social reformer, that he was the first man in England who ever carried an

* Lecky's "England in the Eighteenth Century," Vol. II., 198; Vol. VII., 179. Wraxall's "Memoirs," Vol. I., 389-40.

† William Sangster, "Umbrellas and their History," p. 41. This learned and witty book was published in 1835, and a second edition in 1871.

‡ "Diary of a Country Parson," Vol. II., 300.

§ Horace Walpole's "Letters," Vol. VI., 308. Letter to John Chute, October 3rd, 1765. Paget Toynbee edition. (Clarendon Press.)

umbrella. This was round about 1750. It may be true that Hanway was brave enough to be seen with an umbrella as early as 1750. Nevertheless, it appears to be quite clear that umbrellas were not in general use till the 1780's. Moreover, it appears to be equally clear that the man who really set the fashion in the use of umbrellas was a valet, John Macdonald, whose very interesting memoirs under a prodigiously long title beginning "Travels" were published in 1790.

John Macdonald was a remarkable person who had a very romantic career: after all, it goes almost without saying that a person capable of starting a social revolution, of substituting umbrellas for swords, would be no ordinary character. He was born in 1741, the son of a well-to-do Scottish grazier, who claimed to be a cadet of the family of Keppoch in Inverness-shire. The father was a passionate Jacobite, joined Prince Charles in the '45, and fell at Culloden. He left behind a daughter, Kitty, aged fourteen, and four sons—Duncan, aged ten; Daniel, seven; John, four and a half; and Alexander, two and a half. Their mother was dead, and the children were left by their father in charge of a maid: she soon ran away with a lover; Duncan was taken charge of by another servant, and the rest were left to fend for themselves. Kitty had received one letter from her father from Edinburgh, and to Edinburgh, in September, 1745, she determined to set out with Daniel carrying the bundle, John trotting beside, and baby Alexander on her back. It was 159 miles from the village of Urquhart, in Inverness, to Edinburgh, and these intrepid children trudged all the way. They only had fourteen pounds Scots—the equivalent of £1 8s. 4d. English money—and long before they reached Edinburgh this sum was exhausted. But kind farm and village people helped the children: they gave them oatmeal, which Kitty cooked, and they let them sleep in barns and sheds. On they trudged, fording rivers and narrowly escaping a watery grave; finally reaching Edinburgh, only to find their father gone. It would be irrelevant here to carry the story further of these wonderful children. Suffice it to say that it is not possible to read the story of the journey from Urquhart to Edinburgh without starting in one's chair—I fear I disturbed the tranquillity of the Reading Room of the British Museum by an audible groan when Kitty was nearly drowned with the infant Alexander—and that they all ultimately fell on their feet in one way and another through the blessing of Providence, the charity of mankind, and their own ingenuity and courage. John became enamoured of horses, was taken on as a tiny postilion, and developed into a footman equally beloved both by mistresses and masters. He travelled over the world, in India, in Africa, in Europe with various masters; and then, on January 1st, 1778, returning from France with a Sir John Stuart, he took lodgings in London for a time, while his master, paying him off, went up to Scotland.

And now happens the silent revolution of the umbrella. John Macdonald shall tell it in his own graphic way:—

"Having good cloaths, with rich vests, I wore my hanger, a silk bag at my hair; and laced ruffles; but when I went after a place, I dressed in the common way. If it rained, I wore my fine silk umbrella; then the people would call after me, 'What, Frenchman, why do not you get a coach?' In particular, the hackney coachmen and hackney chairmen would call after me; but I, knowing the men well, went straight on, and took no notice. At this time there were no umbrellas worn in London, except in noblemen's and gentlemen's houses; where there was a large one hung in the hall, to hold over a lady or gentleman if it rained, between the door and their carriage. I was going to dine in Norfolk Street one Sunday. It rained, my sister had hold of my arm, and I had the umbrella over our heads. In Tavistock Street, we met so many young men, calling after us 'Frenchman! take care of your umbrella.'

"Frenchman, why do not you get a coach, monsieur?" My sister was so much ashamed, that she quitted my arm, and ran on before, but I still took no notice, but answered in French or Spanish that I did not understand what they said. I went on so for three months, till they took no further notice of me, only, 'How do you do, Frenchman?' After this, the foreigners seeing me with my umbrella, one after another used theirs, then the English. Now [1790] it is become a great trade in London, and a very useful branch of business. When I went to a public house where servants meet in the evenings, I was called by the name of *Beau Macdonald*, or the *Scotch Frenchman*."

John Macdonald's claim is verified by the fact that the first patent for the manufacture of umbrellas in England was taken out in 1780, and more patents in 1786 and 1787†. But there is a further proof. Turning over some prints recently in the great Crace collection in the British Museum, I came across a caricature called "The Battle of Umbrellas," published on September 1st, 1784.‡ Now caricatures of fashions do not appear till a fashion is fairly prevalent, and this in the six years from 1778 to 1784 the umbrella fashion had evidently become.

The caricature depicts a crowd of persons, men, women, and children, in the Mall or St. James's Park—one can see the Abbey in the background—all simultaneously putting up umbrellas during a sudden shower. In so doing they knock off one another's hats, prod one another in the side, and cause one another infinite disgust. In the foreground are two small children, a boy and a girl, greatly enjoying themselves. The boy is holding an umbrella over the little girl, and thus severely incommodes a lady behind, who has just had her hat and a large wig knocked off by someone else. Meantime she clasps with one hand her head, and with the other her umbrella. The men also are suffering similar catastrophes—but the sword has vanished.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

WHEN Mozart (Mlle. Yvonne Printemps) as a fascinating young genius of twenty came to Paris, he hungered mightily for a certain education, his great difficulty being the choice of a tutor among so many who seemed desirable. There was Madame d'Epinay, or her maid, or her god-daughter, or there was La Guimard who danced his ballets. He confided his troubles to Madame d'Epinay, who was quite ready to undertake the task herself, and would have done so but for the fact that Grimm (M. Sacha Guitry) did not see eye to eye with her in this matter, and heroically sacrificed his lien upon La Guimard in the cause of the education of genius. La Guimard was a willing preceptress, but alas! genius is insatiable of education, and cares not how many hearts it may break simultaneously. So Grimm bought a ticket back to Salzburg for the young man, who, however, refused to go until Grimm threw himself upon his mercy. M. Guitry is an incomparable playwright, actor, and *metteur en scène* in his own manner. It is all very old, but how fresh, how delightful, how tactful! It might be so vulgar, and is so indubitably the triumph of good taste. There is not a dull or irritating movement in the whole magnificently unreal performance. Like M. Reynaldo Hahn's music, it is all graceful and innocuous, without an atom of pretentiousness. It is one of the best entertainments I have ever been at, and the acting is superb. Everyone should go to the Gaiety while this show lasts. It is not necessary to know French to enjoy it.

The comparison of standards in high and low life is a tempting study for dramatists, and several Galsworthian

* John Macdonald's "Travels," &c., pp. 581-3. Published 1790.

† Sangster's "Umbrellas," &c., p. 78.

‡ Crace Collection, Portfolio XII., sheet 54.

lessons were taught by Sir Frank Popham Young's bright little melodrama, "A Dog's Chance," which ran last week at the "Q" Theatre. For instance—that it is better to be a harlot or a blackmailer from necessity than a wanton or a cheat from self-indulgence; that the environment of Mayfair is no less demoralizing than that of the Mile End Road; but that, on the contrary, red cockney blood will still avenge laxities which blue blood is too ready to condone. Unfortunately, conventional stage-craft pointed each of these morals prematurely, so that you tired of each situation before the characters were disposed to deliver themselves of their observations on it. The action and dialogue are lively, however, and provided the cast with easily acted parts. Mr. Leon M. Lion was irresistible in his favourite cockney guise, and Mr. Malcolm Keen good as the well-meaning but misled soldier; while Mr. Campbell Gullan, who played the cynical and unscrupulous novelist, has a dry voice and manner admirably suited to the inhuman student of human nature. Miss Jane Wood made a most alluring adulteress; but the best acting was Miss Beatrice Lewisohn's as an improbably ingenuous flower-girl.

At the International Music Society's Festival in Zürich last week, a good success was obtained by W. T. Walton's Overture for Orchestra, "Portsmouth Point"—music inspired by a print by Thomas Rowlandson. This was the only English work included in the Festival scheme. It was encouraging to find that it was received with great enthusiasm by composers and critics from all over Europe, as well as by the audience. The work is youthful, and attractively so. That is, it speaks of spontaneity, not of revolt. The orchestration is exemplary in its lucidity, and the material and development of the work reveal both assurance and skill. The themes are in the manner of Shanty-tunes, but no actual quotation is made. The work was very well performed under Dr. Volkmar Andrae.

The Horse Show, as usual, provides an admirable spectacle. On the night I was there I was lucky enough to see the coster parade, in which the donkeys looked extremely happy and well. Nor does the standard of pearlies and ostrich feathers seem to be on the decline, though one fears that what one sees are merely party suits. The jumping was as thrilling as usual, but one has the impression that the horses are under-exercised when they come to London. This, added to the glamour and noise of the ring, makes them too eager, and they are nearly all inclined to rush their fences. As a result, riding becomes almost purely a question of judgment as to when to give your horse his head; and as this is very difficult to do with an excited, and a rather too rigorously martingaled, horse, one feels that none of the exhibits are giving anything near their best performance. It was noticeable that the fewest mistakes were made at the sloping rails, which have to be galloped. Even in the ring the ideal mount seems to be not your school-trained horse, but a sagacious old hunter with a long rein.

Things to see or hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, July 3.—Szigeti, violin recital, at 8.15, at Wigmore Hall.

Equal Political Rights Mass Meeting, at 4, in Hyde Park.

Sunday, July 4.—"Oedipus at Colonus," Greek Play Society.

Mr. Roy Jordan's "Quicksands of Youth," Playmates, at New Scala.

"Confession," 800 Club.

Monday, July 5.—Shakespeare Summer Festival at Stratford-on-Avon.

Muriel Turner, piano recital, at 8.30, at Wigmore Hall.

Thursday, July 8.—Royal Tournament at Olympia.

C. R. Kennedy's "The Salutation," at St. Pancras People's Theatre.

Friday, July 9.—C. Nabokoff on "Tolstoy's Plays," at 8.45, at 48, Portland Place.

OMICRON.

THEATRES.

ALDWYCH. Gerr. 3929. NIGHTLY, at 8.15.
MATINEES, WEDNESDAY & FRIDAY, at 2.30.
ROOKERY NOOK.
TOM WALLS, MARY BROUGH and RALPH LYNN.

COURT. Sloane Square. Sloane 5187 (2 lines).
NIGHTLY, at 8.15. MATINEES, WED., THURS. & SAT., at 2.15.
THE FARMER'S WIFE.
THIRD YEAR AND LONDON'S LONGEST RUN.

CRITERION. EVENINGS, 8.40. MATS., TUES., SAT., 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST in
THE CAT'S CRADLE.

DRURY LANE. EVENINGS, 8.15. MATS., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
ROSE MARIE. A Musical Play.
NELSON KEYS. EDITH DAY. DEREK OLDHAM.

GAIETY. EVENINGS, 8.30. (For 2 Weeks only.) MOZART
SACHA GUITRY & YVONNE PRINTEMPS
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MATINEE, EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30. Ger. 2780.

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EVENINGS, at 8.15. MATS., WED., THURS. & SAT., at 2.30.
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ALL SEATS BOOKABLE. BOX OFFICE 10 TO 10.

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RIVERSIDE NIGHTS.
"It will draw the town to Hammersmith for many months."
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MATINEES, WED. & SAT., at 2.30. (Riverside 3012.)

NEW. Reg. 4406. EVENINGS, 8.15. MATS., WED., SAT., 2.30.
THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS.
SEAN O'CASEY'S FAMOUS PLAY.

ROYALTY. (Ger. 3833.)
MONDAY NEXT, at 8.30. MATINEES, THURS. & SAT., at 2.30.
(FOR TWO WEEKS ONLY.)
A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY.
A COMEDY
BY TURGENEV.

SAVOY THEATRE. (Gerr. 3366.) EVENINGS, 8.30.
WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN.
MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL, LILIAN BRAITHWAITE, FRED KERR,
EDMUND-GWENN. Mat., To-morrow, 2.30, and every Mon. & Sat.

STRAND. (Ger. 3880.) Evgs., at 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., at 2.15.
HEARTS AND DIAMONDS.
A Musical Play adapted from The Orlov.

CINEMAS.

NEW GALLERY KINEMA, Regent St., W.1. MONDAY, July 5, and all the week, JANE NOVAK in "THE LURE OF THE WILD," at 5.40, 6.40 and 9.40. Also RICHARD BARTHELMLESS in "SHORE LEAVE."

POLYTECHNIC. Regent Street. (Mayfair 2680.)
THE COURT TREAT EXPEDITION FILM.
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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

"QUEERISH TALK IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES"

I AM rather ashamed to say that, though I know and appreciate Mr. de la Mare's poetry, I had never read his prose. Messrs. Collins have just published a new book of short stories by him, "The Connoisseur" (10s. 6d.), and also, in a cheap edition, three of his previous works: "Memoirs of a Midget," "Henry Brocken," and "The Return" (3s. 6d. each). It seemed a good opportunity to close a serious gap in one's knowledge of contemporary literature. To come thus fresh to Mr. de la Mare's prose and to read it in some bulk is a pleasant experience, though it leaves one a little bewildered. He is a serious writer, and, in every word he writes, claims to be judged by the standards of serious criticism. It would be easy enough to read and criticize his new book by the standards of the circulating library, and the result would be tremendously high praise for Mr. de la Mare. They are good stories, often thrilling, beautiful, with a queer, distinctive humour. No one but Mr. de la Mare could have written them, and I cannot think of half a dozen contemporary writers who could produce anything nearly as good. But it would be a poor compliment to him to leave it at that and to spend the rest of one's space on eulogy, for Mr. de la Mare is so obviously out to produce something more than a good short story.

Mr. Gerald Bullett has just written an interesting little book on "Modern English Fiction" (Jenkins, 2s. 6d.), in which he considers the aims and achievements of some of the leading contemporary novelists and short-story writers. Of Mr. de la Mare he writes:—

"The twilight space, region of intangible secrecies, that lies just beyond the edge of sense, is his peculiar kingdom; he succeeds as nearly as anyone now writing in communicating the incommunicable, and making us believe the incredible. . . . Mr. de la Mare plays upon our wonder and our horror with the careless-seeming ease of a master-pianist. When he chooses he can invest the simplest statement with unimaginable and sinister significance, so that the very flowers seem to blossom with an evil energy, and we shudder to be told that thrushes were singing in the wood."

And of a passage in a story in "The Riddle," he says:—

"One's breath comes more quickly as one reads it, and all one's nerves are strung taut, like the strings of a harp, ready for the musician's fingers to draw therefrom the culminating phrase of his symphony."

This is tremendous praise, and Mr. Bullett is clearly not using the standards of the circulating libraries, but of the library on Mount Olympus. I am, therefore, the more sorry to find that I disagree with almost every word that he writes. In "All Hallows," a characteristic story in Mr. de la Mare's new volume, the man who tells it remarks of his talk with the verger, which gives the note and creates the atmosphere of the tale as a "work of art": "This was queerish talk in the circumstances." That, I think, is a far more accurate description of Mr. de la Mare's art than is Mr. Bullett's appreciation. There are writers—very, very few of them—who can occasionally make one shudder physically or make one breathe more quickly, but Mr. de la Mare is not one of them. In nine cases out of ten the atmosphere of his story is "queerish"—note, not "queer," but "queerish"—"talk in the

circumstances." "Memoirs of a Midget," his most ambitious and perhaps most successful achievement in prose, is again fundamentally queerish. There is beauty in it, as in many of the stories, and a kind of flicker between fancy and imagination, between fantasy and reality, which might have been used with remarkable effect. But when you finally close the book and try to recall its principal effect upon you, you will find no more truthful summing up than Mr. de la Mare's own phrase—queerish talk in the circumstances.

To say that the "queerish" could not possibly be made into the highest work of art would be absurd dogmatism. But in Mr. de la Mare's case his queerishness defeats him as an artist. The effect which he is intending to produce in many of these stories—in "All Hallows," for instance, and "The Wharf" and "The Lost Track"—is precisely the effect which Mr. Bullett says that he produces, horror and terror and beauty. The beauty is, as I have said, sometimes there, particularly in "The Lost Track," but the horror and terror are not there, because you cannot be terrified or horrified by queerish talk. To my mind it is significant that artistically those stories are most satisfying and successful—"The Nap" and "Pretty Poll"—in which the half-humorous queerishness of life is allowed to remain the main motive.

There is another point in Mr. Bullett's criticism with which I disagree, and which is of great importance in relation to Mr. de la Mare's art. Mr. Bullett talks of him as writing with "the careless-seeming ease of a master-pianist." I should have said exactly the opposite about Mr. de la Mare's prose. These stories are, of course, extraordinarily well written, but they are not easy reading, and I do not believe that they were easy writing. Read the description of the cliff in "Mr. Kempe" or of the ravine and house in "The Lost Track"—descriptions which are deliberately intended to give the note of horror or terror in the stories. There is no careless-seeming ease here; the sentences are built up with great care and elaborateness, and the conscious effort is nearly always apparent. It is this deliberateness and effort which too often get between the reader and terror, horror, and beauty. The mastery of a great writer over his material, his power of expressing subtler shades of meaning and emotion, are nearly always shown in his rhythm. The intenser sound of song will be found but rarely to enter even into Mr. de la Mare's poetry; his prose is practically destitute of rhythm, or at least of significant or subtle rhythms. That is why even his best descriptions so often leave me cold; I admire the great skill with which they are built up and the honest workmanship of their construction, but they remain to the end a collocation of separate words. His poetry, "The Listeners," for instance, comes to life in its rhythms, but his prose, except in its lightest and most fantastical passages, reminds me of museum specimens. Looking at stuffed humming-birds in a glass case in the gargoyle-covered Natural History Museum, you see the exquisite shapes and the brilliant plumage; they remain admirable, beautiful, but they have irremediably lost something that they possessed when you saw them flit and flash among the flowers.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

M. HALÉVY'S HISTORY

A History of the English People, 1815-1830. By ÉLIE HALÉVY.
Translated by E. I. WATKIN. (Fisher Unwin. 21s.)

IN the first volume of his great history of the English people M. Halévy drew a detailed picture of England in 1815. He examined the foundations of nineteenth-century England, born of three revolutions: the industrial, the French, and the evangelical. He found a dominant conservatism, based on fear of the egalitarian doctrines of France, but without any organized system of repression; a liberalism with a rationalistic philosophy, suited to the needs of a new industrial class, naturally anxious for political power and economic licence; a working-class spasmodically moved to protest by suffering, but prevented from any revolutionary action, less by its lack of organization than by the powerful consolations of evangelical fatalism. In the Continental sense of the word freedom, as equivalent to absence of *étatisme*, England was, in M. Halévy's judgment, "free," since it remained orderly with a minimum of executive control. In his second volume M. Halévy continues the narrative during the period of reaction which followed the war, when the industrial class, sharing the Tory fear of the poor and the French, had not yet formed an organized middle-class opposition. Beneath the party chaos, which M. Halévy notes as a main characteristic of the period, we can already discern the influence of the Benthamite group, gradually fighting its way to the front, alone possessing a consistent philosophy and a detailed programme, ready to lead in the legislative reforms of the thirties and forties when middle-class Parliaments had at length arrived to accept them.

The resemblances between the post-war period of a hundred years ago and that of to-day have frequently been stressed. M. Halévy rightly judges the contrasts more important, though the similarities have revived interest in ancient controversies. "To-day we may witness," he remarks in his Introduction, "and not in England alone, a world commercially out of gear, which presents the same financial difficulties, the same disturbance of the currency, the same anxiety to discover new markets, and the same disillusionment of victory." He adds that "the inflationist theories of the Birmingham School" had seemed unattractive in 1914, when studied with the "weary resignation" that was the result of doing "his duty as an historian." "But now, as I peruse my manuscripts and my proofs, I realize that the Utopias of a century ago are once more living: the times of Thomas Attwood have returned." There are many such parallels in a period after a great war and a great revolution, with divided parties, led by politicians holding no particular political philosophy, tenaciously grasping office in the hope that improvement of trade would automatically solve the problems that arose from unemployment, housing shortage, and an antiquated poor law. But such resemblances are comparatively superficial. For, though Malthus had made men believe that hopes of a better standard of life for the proletariat were nugatory, there was, in fact, a long period of "increasing returns" ahead when the "advantages of civilization" seemed to justify the British statesman in neglecting his warning. Moreover, the two essential differences stressed by M. Halévy, are alone sufficient to destroy the analogy—the lack of organization, especially of labour, made the whole problem a different one and the gradual change in attitude to religion has taken away a main safeguard against revolutionary ideas. To be an unbeliever then was to weaken your influence not only with the middle-class, but also with a large part of the working-class, and when a few men, like Paine, Bentham, and Robert Owen, publicly repudiated Christianity, they knew they were sacrificing the immediate success of their radical propaganda to a more distant hope of founding it on a rational basis. "While in France," says M. Halévy, "a Voltairean bourgeoisie chafed under the government of the Jesuits, in England a pietist middle-class was persecuting Carliile"—who would insist on distributing the works of Tom Paine.

With these characteristics the period could scarcely fail to be somewhat stagnant. The main features of Victorian politics are only dimly foreshadowed. For, as M. Halévy

points out, it was not, in fact, a period of party government at all, and of its two outstanding statesmen, Canning seems to have been neither a Whig nor a Tory, while he "pulverized both parties," and Peel "twice betrayed the party which regarded him as its leader." It was during this period, moreover, that Canning invented the foreign policy which Palmerston continued with a cruder effrontery and without the almost "poetic" quality which M. Halévy finds in Canning's diplomacy. Palmerston indeed modelled himself closely on Canning. It was Canning, not Palmerston, who wrote that he had "an itch for war with France," and described it as "getting back to a wholesome state again," when the French Foreign Minister really hated England as French Foreign Ministers used to do. It is a pleasant duty to inform the Emperor of Russia that "the time for the Areopagus is gone by," and that the right motto is: "Every nation for itself and God for us all." M. Halévy's judgment of Canning makes one of the most interesting passages in the book, and in his Introduction he enforces his view by remarking that experience of war has made him even more critical of a policy which, though it did not aim at war, kept the nation constantly at the brink of it. Moreover, he hints at the conclusion, borne out, I think, by the whole course of nineteenth-century diplomacy, that the English encouragement of the weaker and oppressed peoples of Europe was, with one exception, detrimental rather than advantageous to their freedom. The policy of Canning and Palmerston for the most part avoided war, while it only irritated "foreign tyrants," who knew that our protests against their oppression was only a sop to our national conscience which did not carry with it the promise of any effectual aid to the oppressed.

The period saw the passage of three important pieces of legislation. The repeal of the Combination Laws is the first important triumph of the Benthamite group, who laboured under the strange delusion that to make Trade Unions legal would also be to make them unnecessary. The atmosphere they fought in is well illustrated by a remark of the *Times*, which, in announcing the termination of the shipwrights' strike of 1825, adds: "The masters now require, as it is their unquestionable right to do, unqualified submission from all the shipwrights who engage in their service and eat their bread." It seems that even in those days when you earned your wage it was still charitable of the employer to pay it you. Negro Emancipation was the second important reform, due not this time to the unaided efforts of the radicals but to their alliance with the evangelical party. Benthamite atheists and evangelical Tories could work together where business interests did not divide them. Finally, the Catholics gained Emancipation by the first of the great political agitations of the nineteenth century. All the usual features are there—the extremists on both sides willing to push the matter to the pitch of physical violence, the moderates striving both to quicken their recalcitrant followers and to use their agitation as a lever for more moderate reform, and the English statesman determinedly opposed to all concession until a day when he is able, with or without a convincing excuse, to grant the substance of the demands which he has been long resisting rather than to run any further risks of revolution. M. Halévy ends his second volume at a point where the same technique of agitation, threatened revolution, and settlement by compromise at the last minute was to be employed in the Reform Bill agitation. From this time onwards the traces of eighteenth-century politics are less marked. The characteristics of Victorian England are unmistakable. Party politics receive for the first time something of the form which the text-books assume as their normal form, agitation after agitation follows the model already foreshadowed, gradually winning reforms urgently needed long before the threat of unconstitutional or revolutionary action led to Tory concession, middle-class foreign policy of actual non-interference and free trade coupled with verbal interference and the haphazard acquisition of foreign markets—all these chaotically emerging in the period before the Reform Bill became the regular content of politics in Victorian England. M. Halévy has understood the characteristics of this revolutionary and conservative, pietistic and free thinking, humanitarian and slave-driving, creative and acquisitive century better than any English historian.

KINGSLEY MARTIN.

MR. FAUSSET'S COLERIDGE.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge. By HUGH L'ANSON FAUSSET. (Cape. 12s. 6d.)

RATHER a lot is now expected of the literary-critical biographer. He must be as entertaining as a Persian tale, as accurate as a scientific paper, as impressive as a judicial summing up; he must be omniscient, profound, extensive, humorous. Mr. Fausset very creditably makes no effort to write up to this superhuman standard, and consequently has produced a book which may not be immediately fashionable, but has every appearance of being a serious contribution to the standard books on Coleridge. This biography is an improvement on Mr. Fausset's *Donne*, partly because he knows and sympathizes with the nineteenth century more than the seventeenth, but chiefly because he has improved as a writer. To say that Mr. Fausset writes as a sensible, well-informed, serious man, and not as a quack, may seem a back-handed compliment, but it implies at least certain negative virtues. Mr. Fausset does not treat his subject as a feeble sparring partner to be scored off for the amusement of the audience; he does not produce the figure of M. Bergson as a god in the machine to clear up all problems; Dr. Freud does not haunt his pages. A reasonable and coherent view of Coleridge is presented calmly and persuasively, without affectation. It is quite possible to disagree with Mr. Fausset's presentation, as the present writer quite firmly differs from some of his opinions, principles, and tastes; but it would be ridiculous to deny that Mr. Fausset is a well-equipped writer with plenty to say and the ability to say it well.

The critic who attempts a serious estimate of Coleridge's mind and its productions must possess a remarkable equipment of his own. "This astonishing man," says De Quincey of Coleridge, "besides being an exquisite poet, a profound political speculator, a philosophic student of literature through all its chambers and recesses, was also a circumnavigator on the most pathless waters of scholasticism and metaphysics. He had sounded, without guiding-charts, the secret deeps of Proclus and Plotinus; he had laid down buoys on the twilight or moonlight ocean of Jacob Boehme; he had cruised over the broad Atlantic of Kant and Schelling, of Fitch and Oken. Where is the man who shall be equal to these things?" Mr. Fausset would certainly be too modest to claim to be equal to all these things; and not many people would be grateful to him if he had undertaken a full-dress debate on Coleridge's scholarship and philosophical learning. Dealing quite adequately, if briefly, with Coleridge as poet, critic, and philosopher, and generously recognizing triumphs like "The Ancient Mariner" and the criticism of Wordsworth, Mr. Fausset has been chiefly concerned to use Coleridge's writings as a means of explaining his mind and character.

There is a "Coleridge problem" which is well worth pondering. How did it happen that a man so eminently gifted, as we could see even if his most competent contemporaries had not declared the fact with every emphasis, should not only have made such a complete mess of his life, but have left such comparatively meagre records of talents so splendid? The opium, as Mr. Fausset sees, was as much an effect as a cause. Coleridge lacked self-discipline as well as training; he is the very type and exemplar of Romantic self-indulgence. It is all very well to inveigh against the limited outlook of the eighteenth century, but it is only by imposing more or less arbitrary limits on the universal flux that men achieve anything. Coleridge is an awful example of what happens when feeling takes the place of sense, when unlimited indulgence in day-dreaming is substituted for experience. Mr. Fausset shares the conventional scorn for the eighteenth century, but it might be instructive to compare Coleridge with a typical eighteenth-century man of letters.

Gibbon was naturally far less gifted than Coleridge; by comparison he was ill-educated, his youthful religious freak seemed to have closed to him the paths of scholarship; but he had a keen, perhaps too keen, sense of reality; he possessed to an admirable degree that self-discipline which Coleridge wholly lacked, the ability to limit himself to the task where his powers could best be displayed, and an

astounding pertinacity. Gibbon's cool, rather too complacent, account of how he laboured to educate himself, how he "reviewed the classics" again and again, how he "perused the memorials of the dark ages" pen in hand, how he turned Latin into French and French into Latin, how he wrote and re-wrote the earlier chapters of his *History*, is finally rather inspiring and creates respect. You may laugh at the fat, pompous little man, and anyone can see his almost absurd limitations, but there stands "The Decline and Fall" like a rock, the monument of a man who could subordinate himself to his task. The monument of Coleridge is a mess of towering projects never realized, of hasty and almost accidental improvisations which in some cases are magnificent, but ought to have been much greater. The man who could write the "Biographia"—that is, the best original portions of it—ought to have created a school of English criticism superior to any on the Continent. His poetry languished as the stimulus of female society subsided; his philosophy evaporated through a cloud of words into an insipid sanctimony. Carlyle's outburst, which is no doubt intemperate and rather unfair, came from a man who was an honest worker indignant with one of far superior talents who had canted himself almost into a charlatan. I confess to a prejudice against diseased and demented genius, and to a prejudice in favour of minds which ripen as they grow older without ever growing rotten. A clear-minded old gentleman like Fontenelle seems more valuable than the romantic genius who gives signs of senility at thirty. Mr. Fausset is less vehement and downright than I have allowed myself to be here, but his analysis of Coleridge is the more convincing. Where I should most differ from Mr. Fausset is on a point which cannot be developed in a review, and which I am not sure that I should be competent to defend in an extended debate. It is this; though Mr. Fausset condemns Coleridge as an individual, he exempts Romanticism from his condemnation, while I should feel inclined to say that the weaknesses of Coleridge were inherent in the whole movement (or conception of life and art) of which Coleridge was so conspicuous an exponent.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

THE NEW LIDDELL AND SCOTT.

A Greek-English Lexicon. Compiled by HENRY GEORGE LIDDELL and ROBERT SCOTT. A new edition revised and augmented by HENRY STUART JONES, with the assistance of RODERICK MCKENZIE. Parts I. and II. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 10s. 6d. each part; subscription price for complete work, four guineas.)

THE first "Liddell and Scott" appeared eighty-three years ago, already a lusty youngster of nearly 1,600 pages, costing two guineas. Since then there have been seven more editions, the last being published in 1897. The eighth edition, of course, differed materially from the first, but early in the present century it had become clear that new discoveries made a complete revision desirable. After several vicissitudes and fluctuations, Dr. H. Stuart Jones was invited to undertake the work. He tells us in his interesting Preface that it was at first hoped that the work of revision would be completed in five years. But it soon became obvious that a much longer time would be required, and it was fourteen years before the first instalment was printed.

"Liddell and Scott," in its later editions, was always a first-class dictionary. It remains the basis of the new edition, but it has been enormously improved and augmented. This is in part due to incorporation of new material from papyrus and inscriptions discovered in recent years. But a great deal of the improvement is due to the work of experts in particular branches of classical literature. Dr. Jones has, for instance, had the assistance of Sir Thomas Heath in revising and augmenting the vocabulary of Greek mathematics, while Dr. Greenhill has done the same for medicine, and other experts for other subjects.

It is an interesting, but rather terrifying, fact that, according to the publishers, the total outlay on the new edition will probably be not far short of £20,000.

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ENGLISH LITERATURE.

A Literary History of the English People from the Origins to the Civil War. By J. J. JUSSELAND. Vol. II. (Fisher Unwin. 15s.)

AN eye-witness with the historical sense, a contemporary spectator who yet remains aloof and can judge of men and matters from a loftier and more general point of view—such is our impression of the author of "A Literary History of the English People." Instead of an Ambassador to the United States of America, Mr. Jusserand seems to us to be one of those Gallic envoys of the sixteenth century who wrote such charmingly chatty letters to their monarchs at home, with notes on jousts and tourneys, on matters political and literary, on affairs of the Church, and on King Henry's table manners. It is hard to tell how he secures that effect which makes him stand unique among the literary historians of to-day. His vivid yet unassuming style aids him, undoubtedly, but beyond that there is his treatment of documentary material. If M. Jusserand is not an actual observer, he may be said to be an observer in imagination, for with him facts—facts buried in Books of Homilies and driest of dry State papers—take on new life, and are presented with all their original glamour and force. No history of our literature gives so much aid towards a true understanding of the spirit of the early centuries.

The present volume, comprising the Renaissance and Reformation periods, with an account of the prose and poetry of the Elizabethan era, is a revision of M. Jusserand's original work, published exactly twenty years ago. Much research work has been done since 1906, and some recent results have been incorporated in his book by the author. Sometimes we look in vain for mention of an essay or study which has helped to throw new light on the period, but omissions of this sort are forgivable because of the wide scope of M. Jusserand's work, and because of the fact that he prefers to browse among the original documents of the period rather than to delve into the criticism of later times. Occasionally, it is true, statements are repeated which require correction by the light of this recent research. The pages on Wyatt, for example, need revision, and some of the notes on this poet demand rewriting. One example will suffice. M. Jusserand, quoting from an *ATHENÆUM* article of May, 1891, traces Wyatt's sonnet,

"Lyke vnto these vnmesurable mountaines,"

to a sonnet of Melin de S. Gelais; whereas the real source, and that which S. Gelais and Wyatt follow independently, is to be discovered in Sannazzaro's

"Simile a questi smisurati monti."

The English is a literal version of the Italian, and the supposed "deviations" from the French are thus explained.

Such omissions and the comparative lack of new material in point of fact and detail are, however, unimportant, because of the brilliantly conceived background which M. Jusserand supplies to ordinary scholars for their duller studies. It is the spirit of his book that counts. The individual reader may quarrel with this judgment or with that; may decide that the section on John Donne is unfair to the vivid genius of that metaphysical author; may find that phrases and *obiter dicta* such as "Sterne's simian immorality" are untrue; but for all that the volume remains a perpetual delight, and perhaps the very expression of such personal criticism and hasty summary forms part of the charm of the work. The observer can never present a perfectly impartial judgment, and, even though M. Jusserand does look upon this period from his position in the twentieth century, we feel that his aim has been to throw himself in spirit back to the age of Henry VIII. and of Elizabeth. If a Time Machine were invented, M. Jusserand would converse on easy terms with the Elizabethan poets and the courtiers, with the satirists and the pastoralists, with the grammarians and the religious enthusiasts—nay, with Cynthia herself, around whom cluster all the heterogeneous spirits who make up that most glorious, that richest, period of our literature, which it has been M. Jusserand's aim to analyze and to glorify.

ALLARDYCE NICOLL.

DETECTION AND ADVENTURE

The Murder of Roger Ackroyd. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

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The Thousand-and-Second Night. By FRANK HELLER. (Williams & Norgate. 7s. 6d.)

WIDE experience has taught us that the hundreds of books produced to satisfy the novel public hunger for detective stories, fall into two main classes: those that describe the iniquities and outwitting of diabolical gangs, which tend towards mere adventure, and those that follow the strict line of scientific investigation—the detective-stories proper.

Of the latter realm, Mrs. Christie is already the acknowledged queen, and "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd" can only strengthen our allegiance. She plays fair, as always, concealing from the reader no facts known to the incomparable Poirot; and as always she contrives to keep her secret just so long as she wishes—which is until the very end. But this time the secret is more than usually original and ingenious, and is a device which no other writer could have employed without mishap. The plot is disclosed with detached exactitude, but at the same time the characters are entertaining, and the human interest never flags.



Mr. Seabrooke should study from Mrs. Christie's work the art of keeping his whole mystery in hand. For although "The Eyewitness" starts well by throwing strong suspicion on the murdered man's wife and nephew, yet the final establishment of their innocence is unsatisfactory. It is brought about only by the tardy disclosure of unknown and unknowable factors when it is too late to arouse the faintest interest in them; and therefore the lame climax lacks a fine surprise.

Mr. Crofts is familiar to us as the most scrupulously conscientious of detective authors; and in "The Ponson Case" (an early work now reissued in Collins's admirable three-and-sixpenny series) the interest is narrowly focused on the examination of alibis, and mastery of the continental Bradshaw. But his facts are perhaps a little too strongly emphasized, a shade too detailed; they weigh heavily on our imagination, which therefore wanders away to the plots of similar stories, and from them deduces the solution empirically long before Inspector Tanner has hit upon it. Hence the conclusion holds no surprises for an experienced reader, and falls rather flat after three hundred pages of laborious, reiterated detail.


But even when it leads to a prematurely foregone conclusion, scientific criminal research is entralling in the masterly hands of Mr. Crofts, and we must therefore deplore his new departure from the dry bones of detection into the regions of adventure and pursuit. Scotland Yard plays a lively part in "Inspector French and the Cheyne Mystery"; but it is really no more than a good treasure-hunt yarn, which will bitterly disappoint Mr. Crofts' more austere adherents.

Mr. Hulbert Footner's readers do not expect from him the unravelling of mystery, but rather a vivid picture of the New York underworld; and if they have not already enjoyed "The Owl Taxi" they must hasten now to expend three-and-six upon it. It starts off with a double mystery; but this is soon explained, and the rest of the book is devoted to the frustration of a South American gang by the hero and his taxi-driving friends. It is really exciting, and quite original except for the hackneyed incarceration of the heroine in an asylum; while Mr. Footner's portrayal of down-town New York is convincing—at least to a mere Englishman.

Although there is "Not Sufficient Evidence" to prosecute anyone for the murder of Robert Esmond, we are left in no doubt about the identity of his destroyer; for this book is neither a mystery nor a shocker, but a study of motives. Mrs. Rickard's theme is the possessive friendship of the self-centred Florrie Cookson for Mrs. Esmond; and those who say that Florrie is "like an anodyne" are so far


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"The Thousand and Second Night" is translated from the Swedish of Frank Heller, and betrays the reassuring fact that the popular Scandinavian conception of the East is much the same as ours in England. The story of a prayer-rug and its attendant *djinn* is told with all the oriental mechanism of tales within tales, which provides quite an intriguing African Night's entertainment. Those who like this sort of book will simply love it.

ST. PAUL AND MARCION.

La Première Epître aux Corinthiens. Traduction nouvelle avec Introduction et Notes. Par H. DELAFOSSE. (Paris: F. Rieder. 9fr.)

M. DELAFOSSE has thrown a high-explosive among the critics; since F. C. Baur no one has done so with so much effect. Malebranche saw all things in God; M. Delafosse seems to see all things in Marcion; here, he argues, is the "Open Sesame" to closed doors. The First Epistle to the Corinthians ranks as a source of primary importance for the history of the early Christian communities. It is doubly so if the word "early" is extended to the Church of the second century, Scaliger's "dark" age. If, however, we assign it to A.D. 55, and regard it as an authentic work of St. Paul, we find ourselves up against difficulties to which only custom and an uncritical approach to the New Testament blind us. Here M. Delafosse is on solid ground. There is much in the epistle which is irreconcilable with its authenticity and with its alleged date. This makes it, as has been said, *un étrange pot-pourri*. The facts, as stated, do not fit the frame—the world of A.D. 55. Set them in the middle of the second century A.D. 140-150, and they fall into place, like the pieces of a puzzle, or a cypher the key to which has been put into our hands. This is clear from the questionnaire, or cases of conscience, proposed in chapters vii-x. In each case two diametrically opposite answers are given. Shall a Christian marry? Yes; and No—vii, 1, 2. May meats offered to idols be eaten? Again, Yes—viii, 3; and No—x, 21. Shall the preacher "live of the Gospel"? Yes—ix, 14; No—ix, 12b, 15-18. The list might be extended; and the received explanations multiply words without increasing sense. M. Delafosse cuts the Gordian knot by regarding the epistle as the work of more than one time and more than one hand; pointing out indications of this in the text, which he examines critically—as he has already examined that of the Fourth Gospel and that of the Epistle to the Romans; distinguishing in each of the three a primitive, a Marcionite, and a later official, or "catholic," element. In the present instance an original letter of Paul has been "transfigured," he believes, by a disciple of Marcion in the second century, and retouched later by an orthodox hand.

In theology, as elsewhere, revolutionary ideas pass, as a rule, through three stages. First, they are pressed too hard; then they are disparaged; finally, a reaction takes place in their favour, and they are admitted to citizenship. Baur is a case in point; the last decade has witnessed a revival of the Tübingen school. M. Delafosse suffers, says a friendly and very eminent critic, from an acute attack of *Marcionitis*. His positions are of unequal value: and it would be a strange instance of the irony of human things, in particular, of religious controversies, if the words "This is my body" were the interpolation of a second-century writer, not a genuine utterance of Christ. The reader will, no doubt, remember that to show that things might have taken place in such-and-such a way is a different thing from showing that they actually did so. But the theory advanced by M. Delafosse accounts for the facts. He has, at least, started a fox; and a fox which promises to give the hounds and the hunt a good run.

A. F.

ROMANCE AND THE 'NINETIES

The Romantic 'Nineties. By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. (Putnam. 10s. 6d.)

THE reader should not be put off by the apparent discursiveness of Mr. le Gallienne's manner. He himself describes his book as "harmless gossip," but beneath the personalities and the ease and airiness of the style there lies a reasoned and defended point of view. Mr. le Gallienne is a profound believer in the importance, to art and letters at least, of the 'nineties. "Generally speaking, all our present-day developments amount to little more than pale and exaggerated copying of the 'nineties. The amount of creative revolutionary energy packed into that amazing decade is almost bewildering in its variety," he writes. To most of us this will seem a curious over-statement. The figures of Dowson, Oscar Wilde, Arthur Symonds, Aubrey Beardsley, and John Davidson scarcely seem to call for such epithets. We have got into the way of thinking of that "amazing decade" as the sophisticated, elongated, tapering tail to the body of the robust lion, the Victorian age. But all these classifications are too vague to be valuable. Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett and Mr. Yeats and Mr. Kipling can all be made to fall within the decade if we choose; and, further, it is a fact that death took one after another of these remarkable people at a very early age. At any rate, Mr. le Gallienne's conviction serves to shape a very good-tempered, light, and vivacious volume. If residence in America has its share in the romance, still Mr. le Gallienne makes us feel that it was genuine. When Mrs. Morris gave him a pot of her quince jam, he felt as if Helen of Troy had given it him. He hung about Putney and saw Swinburne steal into a public-house for a forbidden bottle of Burgundy. He visited Pater, and found him looking like a Prussian officer. The glamour that he brought from Liverpool still irradiates his pages.



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AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Apostate. By FORREST REID. (Constable. 10s. 6d.)

IN the present volume Mr. Reid has written an account of the first eighteen years of his life. His publishers call his work a "spiritual autobiography," but those who, quite legitimately, are disinclined to read a "spiritual autobiography" need not be deterred from reading this. Classification were hopeless in this case: we can at best state what seem to us to be the different elements in the composition and pronounce definitely that Mr. Reid writes extremely well. He has put up an almost flawless front, and, if he shows no traits of greatness, he is surprisingly free from shortcomings.

His first achievement lies in the fact that although he has very little physical movement to record, his pages give the sense of action. The incidents in his boyhood, passed in Belfast, presumably at the end of the last century and the beginning of this, are not exceptional: the departure of an old nurse, an illness, his initiation as an apprentice in the tea trade. But he gives them life and motion, and, what is far more important, uses them to set off those parts of his narrative which are concerned with his spiritual adventures, and which are, necessarily, merely static: his brooding on his enchanted landscape with all that it implies of paganism and consequent apostasy. In the second place, Mr. Reid has created an atmosphere in which we can move intimately, discovering delightful affinities at every turn. His family lives for us, particularly his eldest sister, who could only teach him a smattering of French and break her pencil point with giving him bad marks. His boy friends and acquaintances are finely drawn: the English public school boy discovering sex, and the strange and reckless Alan, who gives him, and us, so acute a moment of disillusionment. His book closes when he is about to enter on his first real friendship, a friendship so intense that he can confide to its object the story, compounded of his dream world and all the elusive beauty he feels round him, written towards the end of his schooldays.

Mr. Reid knows to a nicety when to change his tone; and he gains some of his finest effects in his hardly perceptible gradations from the world of the spirit to the world of the flesh. He owes this felicity to his want of sentimentality; and to the absence of the same disorder is also due the fact that what might so easily have been obscure and grotesque verbiage has turned out to be lucid reality. Mr. Reid's prose is simple and quiet.

ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

THE second volume of Sir James Tennant Molteno's reminiscences, "Further South African Recollections" (Methuen, 12s. 6d.), contains much of interest with regard to South African History after the Boer War. The earlier history of South Africa is treated in great detail in Vol. IV. of "The Rise of South Africa," by Sir Geo. E. Cory (Longmans, 26s.), which covers the years 1838-1846. Another aspect of Africa, namely the "conflict of cultures" in that continent to-day, is dealt with in "The Golden Stool," by Edwin W. Smith (Hobborn Publishing House, 5s.).

"The Farington Diary," by John Farington (Hutchinson, 21s.), has now reached its sixth volume and the years 1810-1811.

"An Unexplored Pass," by Captain B. K. Featherstone (Hutchinson, 18s.), describes a journey of 1,000 miles to the Kara-Koram Himalayas. It has some very fine photographs. "Czecho-Slovakia," by Jessie Mothersole (Bodley Head, 18s.), combines travel and history, and has illustrations in black and white and in colour by the author.

"A Literary Man's London," by Charles G. Harper (Palmer, 12s. 6d.), combines the topography of London with literary anecdotes.

Several useful annuals have been published lately. "The Statesman's Year Book, 1926," edited by Sir J. S. Keltie and M. Epstein (Macmillan, 20s.), is, of course, an invaluable publication. It is now in its sixty-third year. "The Advertiser's A.B.C., 1926" (Browne, 21s.), is now in its fortieth year, and contains a large amount of information useful to

the advertiser and to those concerned with the advertisement trade. "Book Prices Current, 1925" (Stock, £1 12s. 6d.), is the thirty-ninth volume of the series and contains the usual fascinating and useful information about the book sales of 1925. Two Year-Books deserve mention: "Soviet Union Year-Book, 1926" (Allen & Unwin, 7s. 6d.), now in its second year, and "The Japan Year-Book."

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Green Lacquer Pavilion. By HELEN BEAUCLERK. (Collins. 8s. 6d.)

The illustrations by Mr. Edmund Dulac, the type, decorations, and binding, unite to make this first novel a most attractive book. It is an eighteenth-century fantasy, a whimsical story of a house-party of 1710, typically elegant in mind and dress, who were transported into a lacquer pavilion materialized from a fashionable Chinese screen. The young lovers, whose love is as yet undeclared, it being their first meeting, the rather incongruous married couple, the politician, the taciturn philosopher, and the lady of fashion who is a literary *poseuse*, find their grouping disarranged in the picture-land which they enter. Their adventures among some exquisite pirates and Eastern potentates, and the emotional journeys which their spirits, partly set free from the bondage of memory, are enabled to take, are related in a calm and leisurely style which frequently achieves passages of thoughtful beauty and expresses shrewd observation. The author has made a happy choice in uniting to ideal wanderings the mortal characteristics of the most misjudged of all periods. In the very first chapter the contrast between the calm solidity of Augustan architecture and the vividly coloured exotic screens and pottery affected by persons of taste suggests a hunger to escape from the commonplace and native. And who can tell us if Miss Beauclerk's house-party errs towards modern idiosyncrasies of thought or truly represents the elect of an age of reason?

Nets and Cages. By J. MORGAN DE GROOT. (Alston Rivers. 7s. 6d.)

A tiresome and vulgar story of the opening career of the celebrated tenor, Rinaldo Morrisini, born Ronald Morrison. More might have been hoped for from the premise that the hero's singing had the mere mechanical perfection of skill unassisted by spirit, but all deeper psychological interest is swept off in a flood of over-ambitious repartee and epigram dealing with the hearts and ankles of lovely women and the amorous difficulties of that dazzling world in which "castles, moors, and shoots" make marriage palatable.

First Love, Last Love. By C. G. L. DU CANN. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.)

A good deal of honesty and sympathy has been spent on rather uncommon material in this story of a girl's development, but the first two books are too protracted, and the third suffers, in consequence, from being too tightly packed. We have related to us, with all the inevitable novelist's gloom, the childhood of Easter Prozart, the orphaned dependent in an Anglican convent, and her apotheosis from an elementary school-teacher into an intolerable and highly successful journalist of the "Westcliff" school. The mature Easter, well practised in bribery, coercion, and domination—and then we complain of our Press—is a sorry development of the not altogether unattractive little kitchen-help and the eager student roused to literary ambition. The morbid hysteria of her search for her mother's pauper grave, and the self-absorption of her war-time love affairs, are so crudely drawn that sympathy is alienated. It is a pity that the sincerity of the opening chapters should have given place to ambitious attempts at writing of strength and passion which are so often uncontrolled and commonplace.

The Public Schools Year Book, 1926. (Deane. 10s. 6d.)

The Handbook and Directory of Adult Education, 1925-27. (Deane. 2s. 6d. paper; 3s. 6d. cloth.)

These are two very useful educational reference books. The "Public Schools Year Book" is now in its thirty-seventh year, and contains all the information which anyone can want about the public schools. The first part gives the official information with regard to each school, staff, admission, examinations, &c.; the second deals with entrance scholarships and examinations. There is a good deal of other useful matter, *e.g.*, about preparatory schools. The other book gives full information about the nature and scope of adult education and the various bodies which supply it.

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NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

PARLOPHONE RECORDS.

WEBER: "Der Freischütz," Overture and Introduction to Act III. Played by the Orchestra of the State Opera House, Berlin, conducted by Dr. Weissmann. (Two 12 in. records. E10444 and 10445. 4s. 6d. each.)

Many people will be glad to have on the gramophone some of this famous music from what was essentially the first German opera. Opportunities of hearing "Der Freischütz" are very few and far between. The records and the playing are quite good, though the beginning of the Overture does not come out quite as well as one might have expected or hoped. The mystery is all there, but something too low in tone, if not too mysterious. The Overture occupies three sides of the records, and the second and third sides are distinctly better than the first. The Introduction to Act III, on the theme of the Huntsmen's Chorus, which contains perhaps the longest-lived of all popular tunes, occupies the fourth side, and is excellent.

SEA SHANTIES: "Amsterdam" and "Shenandoah"; "The Drunken Sailor," "Santy Anna," and "Lowlands Away." Sung by Kenneth Ellis, baritone, and Male Quartette, with String Quartette and Flute Accompaniment. Arranged by Henry Geehl. (Two 10 in. records. 2s. 6d. each.)

The Parlophone are really to be congratulated on these records, which successfully take us off the beaten track. The Shanties have been touched up and are sometimes a little over-sophisticated. But on the whole they are charming and amusing. "Shenandoah," with its mysterious words and romantic air, is the best, but "Lowlands Away" runs it close. A leaflet giving the words is issued with the records.

WAGNER: "Tristan and Isolde," Isolde Liebestod. Sung by Elsa Alsen, soprano. (12 in. record. E10453. 4s. 6d.) "Tannhäuser," The Herd-Boy's Song, and Pilgrim's Chorus, sung by Else Knepel, soprano, Alfred Lange, tenor, and Chorus, with Orchestral accompaniment. (12 in. record. E10451. 4s. 6d.) "Tannhäuser," Pilgrim's Chorus and "O Star of Eve," sung by Werner Engel, baritone, with Orchestral accompaniment. (12 in. record. E10452. 4s. 6d.)

These three records are all up to the standard of the Parlophone Wagnerian series. There is no greater test for a soprano than the Liebestod, and on the whole Elsa Alsen comes through it well. The first Tannhäuser record is very good; the Herd-Boy's Song is excellent, and so is the Chorus. The second Tannhäuser record is not quite so successful, partly perhaps because "O Star of Eve" has been too often recorded and we are rather tired of it on the gramophone.

JOHANN STRAUSS: Pester Waltz. Played by Marek Weber and his famous Orchestra. (12 in. record. E10449. 4s. 6d.)

This series of Strauss waltzes must surprise a good many people who knew already that Strauss was no contemptible composer. The fertility of his imagination and invention is remarkable. The Pester Waltz is one of his best, full of charm and ingenuity.

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL, First High Commissioner for Palestine, on The Jewish National Homeland. (Single-sided 10 in. record. E3218. 2s. 6d.)

This short speech, which is very clear, has been recorded by arrangement with the Zionist Organization.

BELTONA RECORDS.

There are two 4s. Beltona Records this month: "The Star o' Robbie Burns" and "Annie Laurie," sung by Herbert Thorpe, tenor (6053); and Dvorak's "Songs my Mother taught me" and Bohm's "Still as the Night," sung by Justine Griffiths, contralto (6054). Among the 3s. records are "The King's Escort" and the Soldiers' Chorus from "Faust," played by the Beltona Military Band (1004); Selections from "The Student Prince," played by the Sutherland Orchestra (1003); "Father O'Flynn" and "All Through the Night," sung by Manuel Hemingway, bass (995); "Bobadilla" and "Dinah," one-step and fox-trot, played by the American Dance Orchestra (992); and "Tenting Down in Tennessee" and "Lo-Nah," fox-trots, played by the Palm Beach Players (999).

THE "Contemporary Review" leads off this month with articles on the Liberal Party by Lord Beauchamp and Professor Ramsay Muir. The latter, dealing with the recent dissension in the Party, writes: "The respect and affection which all Liberals feel for Lord Oxford is strong even among that large majority who feel that on this occasion he has made a most unhappy mistake. Most of the ardent Radicals feel that, while he is no bearer of the fiery cross, he is no mere Whig. . . . On the other hand, even those who have not overcome their old distrust of Mr. Lloyd George value his fire and drive, and think them indispensable if the great opportunity which lies before us is to be utilized." Lord Beauchamp remarks that "The stock of Liberalism stands at par always, but the stock of the Liberal Party is very low. . . . How can we raise the stock to parity? It is by emphasizing our principles." In the "Review of Reviews," Mr. Wickham Steed publishes an interview with Lord Oxford. "The Empire Review" has an unsigned paper called "Who is Mr. Cook?" and Sir John Ross writes in the same paper on "The Reform of the Second Chamber." The American "Foreign Affairs" publishes an article by Sir Josiah Stamp on "The Coal Mining Deadlock in Great Britain."

The same paper has an article on "The Future of the League," by Mr. A. Lawrence Lowell, and a history of the negotiations for the admission of Germany by Professor Rappard. "The Review of Reviews" has a panegyric on Marshal Pilsudski by Max Gorzynski, and there is a paper in the "Contemporary Review" on "Pilsudski and Poland," by "A Bystander." In the "Empire Review" Dr. Bernard Dernburg (late Colonial Secretary, and Minister of Finance, Member of the Reichstag) defends the Russo-German Treaty of April, 1926. "The Treaty," he writes, "is a logical sequence of Rapallo. . . . It has also allayed Russian fears of the dangers from the League and Russian dislike of Treaties of arbitration. The German declaration of what the League really stands for has been received by Russia without any challenge, and formally noted. Indeed, the League can never become really effective without embracing a wider scope. That means, in the last resort, without Russian co-operation. If Germany is ready to play the part of 'an honest broker' (to use a Bismarckian expression), that should be put to her credit, and not be a subject of criticism."

"Public Administration," the journal of the Institute of Public Administration, includes papers on "The Official and his Authority," by I. G. Gibbon, C.B.E., D.Sc.; "London One Hundred Years Hence," by G. Topham Forrest, F.R.I.B.A., and the Haldane Prize Essay for 1925: "The Relations between State Departments and the Nation," by H. H. Ellis. "The International Review of Missions," as a preliminary to an international Conference on the Christian Mission in Africa to be held in Belgium in September, appears as a double Africa number, which covers a wide field, and includes "Manners and Race Relationships," by Father Callaway, S.S.J.E.; "The Value of the African's Past," by Diedrich Westermann, D.Phil., and "The South African Problem from three different angles" ("X," J. du Plessis, D.D., and D. D. Tengo Jahavu, B.A.). "The Economic Journal" has "Britain's Population Problem as seen by an American" (Professor Warren Thompson), and "A Contribution to the Theory of Credit," by Professor A. C. Pigou.

Mr. Sturge Moore contributes to "The New Criterion" the first part of an essay on the work of M. Paul Valéry. Mr. Bonamy Dobrée reproduces a polite conversation between Bishop Henry King and Edmund Waller about Sir John Denham; there are poems by Mr. F. S. Flint and Mr. Harold Monro, and a short sketch by Mr. D. H. Lawrence. "The New Coterie" publishes its third number this quarter, with stories by Rhys Davies, Coralie Hobson, Alexis Tolstoy, and T. F. Powys, and a short play by Liam O'Flaherty. "The Adelphi" has "Shaw," by G. B. Edwards, and the first part of a Life of Jesus by Mr. Murry. "The Bermondsey Book" prints "Jones and Wilkinson," by Mrs. Virginia Woolf; "The Courtship of Animals," by Professor Julian Huxley, and the translation of a short story by Signor A. Panzini. Mr. Albert Kinross writes on "Fifty Years of Cricket" in the "Cornhill Magazine."

INSURANCE NOTES VALUE FOR MONEY

ONE of the outstanding features about investments in Life Assurance is that the safest companies are the most profitable to policyholders, and it is a striking fact that the very conditions which create a large margin of security make possible large profits and generous policy conditions and surrender values. Intending insurers who desire to choose, from the 100 or so companies doing business in this country, the one which is likely to give them the best value for their money, should pursue a properly defined line of investigation. In comparing past results and future prospects of different companies it is wise to see what results a premium of £10 gives, or multiples of £10 which approximate the amount it is intended to save. This eliminates the divergencies in premiums between one office and another, and the method of bonus distribution.

The Government, for the protection of the public, compels all Life Assurance companies to make detailed returns, and these are published annually. Most valuable information can be obtained from this volume, and several books are published which classify, collate, and augment the information given in the official book. A perusal of these tables enables one to realize the greatly varying benefits as between one office and another, for a given annual deposit. For an average age at entry and a duration of, say, thirty or thirty-five years, the results in one office may be at least 65 per cent. better than those for an equal premium in another quite sound office.

Bonuses are a return of the premiums which are in excess of the requirements of the company for meeting claims and expenses. The chief sources of profits are: (1) The excess of interest earned over the rate assumed in the valuation; (2) The profit derived from economical management—that is, the saving between actual and allowed-for expenditure; (3) Mortality profit, arising out of favourable deviations from the death rate assumed in the valuations, involving both postponement of claims and the receipt of more premiums.

It will be easier to convince readers of the large difference in comparative security and profitableness between various companies if certain important items from the accounts of one of the leading mutual societies are pointed out.

The society whose figures are taken as an example is the largest mutual society in the British Empire. By "mutual" is meant that it has no shareholders with interests to consider or with rights to participation in the surplus. The divisible surplus belongs exclusively to the Participating Policyholders.

The total assets amount to £61,087,261, and £53,925,238 constitutes the ordinary Life Assurance fund. There are no investments in foreign countries; 57 per cent. of the funds are invested in British and Colonial Government and Municipal securities. Loans on mortgage amount to £14,311,907, and in this connection it is of interest to note that no more than 50 per cent. of the society's own valuation is advanced on this form of security. £8,423,397 is invested in loans on the society's policies.

The reserves made to meet policy liabilities are based on the assumption that only 3 per cent. interest will be earned on the funds. The society actually earns £5 10s. 6d., after deduction of income tax. The enormous strength of these reserves will be apparent, and the practical effect of the excellent margin under this head, both with regard to safety and bonuses to policyholders, will be evident. The society absorbs approximately 12.5 of its premium income for expenses, while it reserves 18.4 of the premiums to meet them. Here, again, is a very large source both of security and profit.

Taxes amount to £116,776. The surplus of assets over liabilities disclosed by the valuation amounts to £2,458,694. The ratio of cash bonuses to premiums is 54½ per cent. of the premiums received on With Profit policies during the year.

The total death claims amounted to only 55 per cent. of the amount "expected" according to the mortality tables used in the valuation.

Intending insurers should make full use of the official information provided for their benefit.

SCRIBO.

These notes are written by a recognized Insurance Consultant, and are written to advise THE NATION readers on Insurance matters. Queries are welcomed and answered, without charge, in strict confidence. Address your Insurance queries to "Scribo," THE NATION, 38, Great James Street, London, W.C.1.

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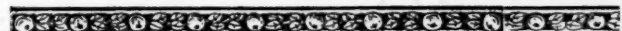
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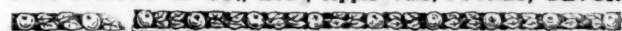
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Editorial.

All communications to the Editor, and books, etc., for review, should be addressed to the Editor, 38, Great James Street, Holborn, W.C.1.

FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

RUBBER—GILT-EDGED STRENGTH—SHELL UNION.

INTEREST on the Stock Exchange, where perhaps more than in any other profession sportsmen of the playing type predominate, has been greatly distracted this week by the markets in Wimbledon seats and Lord's tickets, but it deserves to be mentioned that the rubber market for the next month will have a "test match" of its own. The price of rubber for the quarter beginning May 1st has, up to the time of writing, averaged 1s. 9½d. Under the new restriction scheme, if the price of spot rubber during this quarter averages under 1s. 9d., the standard production exportable at the minimum rate of duty will be reduced from 100 to 80 per cent. To obtain this reduction it would appear that for the rest of the quarter the price of spot rubber must average under 1s. 8.282d. To-day's price is 1s. 8½d. to 1s. 8¾d. Interest in the rubber market should therefore increase as this "test match" draws to a close. It is subtly suggested that the anxiety to see a reduction in standard output is shared not only by rubber producers and shareholders, but also by the American consumer. It is somewhat significant that the stocks of tyres and tubes in the United States have reached the highest point ever recorded. At the end of April stocks of high pressure inner tubes amounted to 11,629,678, of high pressure casings to 5,187,115, of balloon tubes and casings to 3,875,828 and 2,881,828 respectively, giving a grand total of 23,523,944. This total shows an increase of 85 per cent. over the total of 17,419,895 for January. This considerable increase in stocks is not alarming, having regard to the increase in the number of motor vehicles and to the late arrival of summer in America, but when it is appreciated that a large proportion of these stocks must represent rubber purchased at higher prices than those ruling to-day, and that a large number of forward contracts must exist which were made when rubber was between 3s. and 4s. lb., it will be understood that American tyre manufacturers will prefer to see higher rather than lower prices for spot rubber. The American attack on the price of rubber may, therefore, continue during July. In London stocks of raw rubber rose last week to 23,800 tons, against 6,128 tons at the beginning of the year, while at the end of May stocks on hand and afloat in the United States amounted to 103,934 tons, against 98,236 tons at the beginning of the year. There has been no discernible change in the rate of American rubber consumption—the output of new motor vehicles is maintained at a very high level—but the existence of such large stocks of tyres would suggest that it is possible for American tyre manufacturers to hold off for another month from the market.

A pamphlet we have received on "The Coming Collapse in Rubber?" serves to show the folly of forecasting production and consumption in any industry five years ahead. The author of this pamphlet would frighten shareholders out of their rubber shares on the forecasts (a) that the United States has about reached the saturation point in motor vehicles; (b) that the American consumption of rubber this year will be stationary at about the 1925 level; (c) that with a 5 per cent. increase in demand for the world and a 2 per cent. increase in supply, world stocks of rubber will rise on an average by about 3,000 tons a month, that rubber prices will steadily fall until 1928-29, that there may be some revival from that period up to 1932, but that in 1933 there will be a second slump in rubber. On this gloomy prospect the author expects shareholders to sell their holdings and not to buy any more rubber shares until 1928. No one, in his opinion, should hold rubber shares while the INVESTORS' CHRONICLE index is over 160. At May 31st that journal's index number for rubber shares stood at 200.6, but the sensible investor will be chary of selling his shares on the strength of an analysis containing

so much guesswork. So many assumptions, necessarily unprovable except by experience, enter into the calculations in this pamphlet that we are unable to accept any of the conclusions. Why is it to be accepted that America has reached the saturation point in motor vehicles because there is one passenger car to 1½ families? It is misleading to think in terms of families. The passenger motor vehicle is used as much, if not more so, for commercial purposes as it is for private purposes, and the two uses are not mutually exclusive. New countries are being opened up more and more by the use of motor transport of every description. We do not venture to estimate any increase in motor vehicles, but we cannot advise rubber shareholders to sell their shares if there is a chance of the price of rubber improving as a result of the new "restriction scheme."

An investment in rubber shares can be made to yield 10 to 12 per cent. on the basis of the current dividends. Holdings should be spread among several companies, because it is easier to deal in small rather than in large blocks of rubber shares, but it may serve to suggest only three companies whose records should satisfy the cautious investor.

		Year ends.	Div.	Price.	Yield.
Dusun Durian	31st Dec.	27½%	42s. 6d.	13%
Bajoe Kidoel	31st Mar.	Int. 20% Final est. 30%	79s. 0d.	12¼%
Toeranjie	31st Oct.	30%	55s. 0d.	11%

The strength of the gilt-edged market this week must be attributed to the general expectation that Bank rate will be reduced. The "bulls" are supported by the knowledge that the Treasury is anxious about the maturity of the 5½ per cent. Treasury Bonds (D) which fall due next February to the amount of about £110,000,000. We would not care to follow very far this upward movement in the gilt-edged market seeing that new trustee issues are becoming plentiful and, like the last Australian issue, likely to hang fire.

Mr. Walter Samuel, at the recent General Meeting of the Shell Transport & Trading Company, amply confirmed our impressions (given in THE NATION of June 19th) of the investment merits of Shell Union Oil Corporation shares. He stated that the total of the consolidated balance-sheet of the Shell Union and its subsidiaries amounted to over \$330,000,000, which is considerably more than that of Shell Transport, and that the last accounts showed a cash holding, entirely outside the Shell and Royal Dutch Companies, of \$28,000,000. Shell Union earnings this year have been at the rate of over \$2.00 per share per annum, whereas its first quarterly dividend was at the rate of only \$1.40 per share per annum. In these circumstances it is not unreasonable for the shareholders to expect sometime either a bonus or a higher rate of dividend. Even so, the shares appear moderately valued at \$26½ to yield 5½ per cent. Incidentally, Mr. Walter Samuel explained why the profits of the Shell Transport did not show the same increase as those of the Royal Dutch. Owing to the appreciation in the value of the pound sterling the dividends of the Royal Dutch gave an increased number of florins, and conversely the florin and dollar dividends of the Shell Company gave a decreased number of pounds. In addition the Royal Dutch made and showed separately a profit of 3,000,000 florins on their very large holdings of sterling. The cost to the Shell Transport of the precipitate return last year to the gold standard can be measured in actual cash. Not so the cost to other companies which have suffered lost markets or lower earnings.

